THE PASSION PEDDLERS OF CAFE SOCIETY

Ace

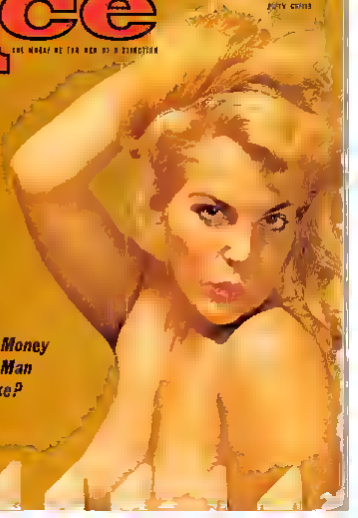
FOR MODERN MEN WITH AN EYE FOR DISTINCTION

NOW ★
FORTY CENTS

How JFK Killed the Beatniks

The World's Greatest Screwball Lovers

How Much Money Makes the Man On the Make?





Ace
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN OF DISTINCTION

NOVEMBER 1963
VOL 7, NO 3

LARRY REICH • editor
MICHAEL PAUL RAND • art editor
MURRAY BARTON • associate editor
ALLEN STEARN • publisher

table of contents



ARTICLES

HOW JFK KILLED THE BEATNIKS	John Armstrong	18
THE WORLD'S GREATEST SCREWBALL LOVERS	Claude H Jannock	24
HOW MUCH MONEY MAKES THE MAN ON THE MAKE?	Harvey Keane	40
THE CITY WHERE ANYTHING GOES— FOR EVERYBODY	Kevin James	54

FICTION

A WARM BLOODED SPIRIT	Arthur Shirley	8
THE GIRL IN THE FREUDIAN SLIP	Ted Mark	16
IT HAPPENED ON BROADWAY	Gene Resnick	32
WHAT DREAMS MAY COME	Ray Hathaway	48

FULL COLOR

WHY HARLARD LOVES DALE	Beauty Profile	13
THE ADVENTURES OF TOMMIE SAWYER	Cover Girl Closeup	20
TAKE FIVE	Glamor Roundup	28
KEEPING HER OAR IN	Outdoor Adventure	45

HUMOR

TRUTH ABOUT THOSE BIRD WATCHING CHICKS	Sidney Craft	34
WHY SAILORS ARE LOUSY LOVERS	Jay Martin	42
A LOVERLY BUNCH OF COCONUTS	Al Hans	57

SPECIAL

THE PASSION PEDDLERS OF CAFE SOCIETY	K. T Leonard	10

PICTORIAL

THE FIRST SIGN OF AUTUMN	Full Color Special	36
PLAYTHINGS FOR PLAYMATES	Glamor Gallery	51

DEPARTMENTS

WHAT'S YOUR BRAND IMAGE?	Wilson DeVries	4
BACKTALK	Letters to the Editors	6

COVER PHOTO by Kell

ACE MAGAZINE Vol. 7 No 3 Nov., 1963 issue. Published bi-monthly by Four Star Publications Incorporated, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York 17 N Y Price per copy 50c Subscriptions $3.00 per year of six issues Second class mail privileges authorized at New York N Y Postage paid at New York N Y and Rockville, Md Not responsible for the loss of unsolicited manuscripts and/or photographs. Advertising Representatives Nathan Katz Associates 480 Lexington Avenue New York 17 New York Printed in U.S.A.

WHAT'S YOUR BRAND IMAGE?

Once clothes made the man. But today people have gone in for stereotyped personalities in their search of acceptance.

BY WILSON BEVNISS

THE PSYCHOANALYST looked over at the shapely feminine form on his couch. He could see the ends of artificial eye lashes fluttering, and he scribbled "anxiety" on his pad. "Now, my dear," he said professionally, "tell me exactly what your emotions were when your husband told you he couldn't stand being married to a movie star any longer, and he was leaving."

'I told him he could leave if he wanted to," the star replied.

"You are evading my question, my dear," the analyst pressed gently. "I want to hear how you *felt*."

Suddenly a fury swept over the star. In a voice that was no longer small and childlike, she bellowed, "What the hell do you expect of me? I'm a *star*. If that rat doesn't want to stay with me, he can drop dead! I'm a star, don't you realize that? I'm a star!"

Here we see an actual incident that occurred to one of Hollywood's most glamorous personalities—and true to her chosen way of life, her brand image was more important to her than anything else, including her "real" self. She found the true emotions of grief, anger, disappointment and sense of failure—emotions provoked by her husband's leaving—a threat to her image as a goddess.

Yet it is not only movie stars who live and swear by their brand images. People from all walks of life have their distinct way of behaving in order to conform to the pattern of their particular profession. Take the doctor, for example. It used to be in the good old days you'd be able to find a real person underneath that nice white coat. Not anymore, though. Today all you find is the brand image—the doctor with the intense, studious eyes, practiced in telling people they're getting better when they're really not, you find the furrowed brow, and the carefully considered cough, so much a part of the medic's brand image that he's no longer a thinking human being. Typical of this, is an incident which happened to a Miss Ollie Cronkite who reports the following encounter with a specialist she consulted in reference to a severely stubbed toe.

"My toe," said Miss Cronkite, "is in difficulty. It hurts like the blazes."

"I see," said the doctor gravely, though he made no effort to bend over and actually *look* at what he claimed he was seeing. "Well, Miss Cronkite," he said, after scratching his chin for the prescribed thirty seconds, "It-uh-looks like you've got a problem. Am I right?"

Miss Cronkite couldn't disagree with

(Cont on p 69)

A Parisian Note for American Belles

#938 CAPTIF d AMOUR — Flattering fit-and-flare effect of sheerest nylon. Wear it as a strapless gown for evening or add the shoulder straps and cape for dressy trimmed with lace of matching satin. Dreamlined black, navy, white. Petite Regular Tall. Size 32 to 40 (except Tall) Original Finals Value Only $8.95

#334 An ORIGINALS creation of fine quality glazed cotton. Half bra has adjustable cups. Briefs with elastic inserts form fitting waist and seat. Red Black Tattoo sizes. Low waisted sizes 00 Regular Wide Size S M L Only $3.98

#315 COTTON CUTIE — Yes it dresses it's bra for cunning as can be. Adjustable halter ties form fitting cups and it was almost all comfort while elastic and satin trim has a scalloped leg and waistband for flattering fit. Red Tattoo Navy Nothing Else Red Blue Black White. Sizes S M L Only $2.98

An Originals Special Value!

#942 BRIEF FROU — French cosmetics adorn this shocking new brief of sheer stretch nylon tricot and mouthfull. A marvel of nothing left of lace neatly placed to hold the clear nylon lace cloth in place. Black only S M L Only $3.98

#933 SHEER BEAM — A Baby Doll ensemble to make you laugh in a slight breeze. A gown low slung trimmed with lace and elastic run ning under and over the shoulders. Lace edged nylon briefs also trimmed for smooth fit. Midnight Black Fire Alarm Red Cloud White. One size fits all. Typical Originals Value Only $6.95

#927 — BON SOIR — An expression to romantic dreams. Heavily sequined net fine with elaborate waterfall head of petite orchid bow. Connecting wings wrap around shoulders in a cascade of eyelashes worn off. Adjusts to cup size. Navy Blue Red Snow White Passion Red Only $8.98

#942 NEMI VENUS — Emphasizes your natural charms in a more alluring decolletage enticing red after! Has good firm cradling bra and control panel. Inserts assure comfort. Lace sides are nicely lined for comfortable support. Black only. Sizes S M L Only $3.98

#1164 TEMPTRESS EN SEMBLE — As little or as the low as you set. Sheer nylon elastic over lined with silver lurex color nylon. Trimmed with elastic laced and cuts rose budd. Adjustable elastic straps. Size 32 Small 34-36 Average 38 and C cups. 2 Piece Ensemble Only $8.95

#938 CLASSIQUE — Small lace cut you're floating in this lovely blend of sheer nylon. Extra full lace trimming sued on elastic laced bodice lurching satin bow straps. Wears with or without straps. Made all Black. Also White or Ribbon Red. Adjustable to any size Only $10.98

#947 PARISIENNE — Scandalously French of cling embroidered fabric with double lining and open tops to accentuate your bust line. Provocative yet exceptionally comfortable with adjustable straps and three colorful inserts. Sizes 32 to 38 B cup. Exceptional at Only $5.98

ORIGINALS Inc Dept 148
818 MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK 22, N Y

ORDER NOW!

Please rush the following items, for which I have enclosed

Check Money Order Cash for the full amount including postage

HOW MANY	ART CLE	STYLI	# SIZE	FIRST COLOR CHOICE	SECOND COLOI CHOICE	PRICI

NAME (PRINT PLAINLY)

ADDRESS

CITY ZONI STATI

Total Merchandise

Less 50c for Postage-Handling 50c

Amount Enclosed

Originals Money Back Guarantee

The ORIGINALS label is your positive assurance of advanced fashion, fine styling, finest quality, fabrics, and workmanship at lowest direct to you prices. Our experienced fashion consultants are matched only by the promptness by any comparison. Bigger is sold by mail. Buy must be completely satisfied or your money back

Yvette Bell Fashion Coord nator

A Master Hypnotist
REVEALS HIS SECRETS
HOW TO
HYPNOTIZE



Melvin Powers, the world's leading professional hypnotist and author of 7 books offers you by mail the same course he teaches at his famous Hollywood school of hypnosis

Mr Powers shows you step-by-step how you can easily learn to master this fascinating science. He does not merely write about the subject, but gives you the exact words that are used to induce hypnosis and self hypnosis.

Here s what you'll learn

The History of Hypnosis. Facts About Hypnotism What Every Hypnotist Should Know How to Hypnotize Your Subject. The Psychological Approach and Technique. You Can Hypnotize Anyone How to Hypnotize Difficult Subjects Advanced Methods of Hypnotism & Original Techniques for Inducing Deep Hypnosis Self Hypnosis. How to Hypnotize Yourself

New Procedures for Acquiring Self Hypnosis Waking Hypnosis Secrets of the Stage Hypnotist How Instantaneous Hypnosis Is Accomplished The Psychology of Hypnotic Suggestions. Psychotherapy Hypnotic Techniques in Psychotherapy The Utility of Suggestions Hypnotism Does Help Sleep and Learn

MAIL NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

POWERS HYPNOTISM SCHOOL Dept 777-B
1721 Sunset Blvd Hollywood 46 California

Gentlemen Send me the Melvin Powers HYPNOTISM COURSE Price $2. I will use the course for 10 days entirely at your risk. If I am not perfectly satisfied I will simply return the course for a full refund.

I am enclosing my check ☐ cash ☐ money order ☐ for $2.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... Zone ..... State .....



"PROS"—PRO AND CON

Dear ACE

I am not narrow-minded by any means, but neither am I as broad minded as you fellows seem to be I am referring to your article in the July issue called "The Rise and Fall of the Paris Bordellos" and I am appalled at the glamorous way in which you characterize the prostitute She is not at all glamorous Rather she is a cold business like, and often cruel person who professes the art of love by engaging in it in the way she does Similarly the whole concept of prostitution as hay-wire Oldest profession or not, when are men going to wake up to the fact that it's the love that goes along with sex that makes the sex worth while? I'll answer that myself.. when people like you stop glamorizing what is really a sordid and ugly situation Personally, I wouldn't go to bed with a prostitute if she paid me

Aaron Paisley
Highland Park Ill

(ED Personally we don't think you'd accept cash either.)

Dear ACE

As a woman who once was a streetwalker for six long years, let me offer my thanks to you for your article on the Paris bordellos I think it was fair and accurate without being funny, and believe me it made me start longing for Paris You have no idea how difficult it is to be a prostitute here in the States It it is an ugly and dangerous profession If is that way because society has driven it underground How much better It is in Paris, where girls are inspected and stroctire committed against the girls are nearly nil. And one more comment, for those who think that prostitution is a low and dirty life It can be it can be very ugly but It can also be an art, and a very warm and good one

Name Withheld
New York City

ROWLED OVER

Dear ACE

We men of the Bowlers Bowling Team went to tell you how much we like your magazine and especially the super duper dolls you always run in each issue In this last issue (July) you printed shots of such a beauty that we couldn't allow it to go unmentioned We're speaking of Terry Bovert and the title of the piece was "Down on the Fox Farm" Now how about running some more pictures of this great looking female? Better still just send us her address and we'll get in touch with her ourselves

John Gravesend
Tony Corde
Jersey City N J

(ED Cagey, aren't you? But sorry none of our models addresses are available to the public — even to bowled-over gents like you.)

HE-MAN SPORT?

Dear ACE

Are you guys kidding? Since when has archery been considered like last of the he man sports? Your July issue article on the subject was way off base. Bullfighting is the last of the he-man sports Ask Hemingway he'll tell you

Bill Fordham
Concho N M

(ED You try and ask him.)

Dear ACE

Thanks for the article on archery As a new recruit to an old and honorable sport I appreciate your interesting comparison of the respective merits of the bow and arrow and the rifle And naturally I am pleased that you took the attitude as I do, that hunting game or even just shooting at a target with a rifle is not nearly so difficult or ultimately satisfying as doing the same with a bow and arrow

Clyde Fisher
Binghamton N Y



Don Bolander says: "Now you can learn to speak and write like a college graduate."

Is Your English Holding You Back?

"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English*," says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet for one reason or another it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way...without going back to school...to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says..."Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. During the past eight years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes*.

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview Bolander said: "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question *What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?*

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self confidence – handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question *What do you mean by a "command of English"?*

Answer A command of English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation – also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question *But isn't it necessary for a person to go to school in order to gain a command of good English?*

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home – in only a few minutes each day.

Question *Is this something new?*

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question *Does it really work?*

Answer Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

Question *Who are some of these people?*

Answer Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, salespeople, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people and many others.

Question *How long does it take for a person to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate using the Career Institute Method?*

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day you will see quick results.

Question *How may a person find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

Answer I will gladly mail a free 32 page booklet to anyone who is interested.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

If you would like a free copy of the 32-page booklet, How to Gain a Command of Good English, *just mail the coupon below. The booklet explains how the Career Institute Method works and how you can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate quickly and enjoyably at home. Send the coupon or a post card today. The booklet will be mailed to you promptly.*

DON BOLANDER, Career Institute, Dept. 348 G, 30 East Adams, Chicago 3, Ill.

Please mail me a free copy of your 32 page booklet.

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

A Warm-Blooded Spirit

FICTION

BY ARTHUR SHIRLEY





A beautiful girl who's bright might prove too clever for her own good. When she does, a man has to step in and act on his own.

"THE COTTAGE is haunted," Mike Durrand said, emphatically. "And I'm the one who ought to know."

"Nonsense," Darline Ashford told him, pleasantly "Cottages don't become haunted in Westchester County."

"*This* one did. I rented it for the whole summer, you know, but I wouldn't spend another night there for any amount of money. I sent Betty back to the city and bought us an air-conditioner, instead."

Despite myself, I was almost half convinced. Mike was not the man to throw away the long green. When he put down cash to rent a house, you could be damn sure that if he didn't get his use out of it there was a damn good reason. He was also not the sort of guy that you'd think of as soft in the head. I knew him as a brilliant, young, up-and-coming lawyer. And the fact that he had managed to marry the less-than-beautiful daughter of the senior partner in the firm we both worked for was a tribute to his hard-headed determination to get ahead.

"How did your cottage get itself haunted in the first place?" I asked him "Or weren't you able to find out?"

"Oh, I found out, all right," he said, bitterly. "*After* I paid the rent for the summer. It seems that a lovely young thing was attacked and murdered there. Her ghost has stayed around ever since, looking for the guy who did her dirty."

"Piffle!" Darline said, drawing herself up. Honestly, that is exactly *(Cont. on p. 58)*



The Passion Peddlers

Many a cold-blooded social climber has found that the best way to get rich without even trying is to join in those sizzling romps with hotblooded bluebloods.

IN ROME it's called La Dolce Vita — the sweet life. Its practitioners are a relatively small group of well-heeled, thrill seekers whose lives are devoted to one thing — sex

International Society, Cafe Society, the Jet Set. These are the names they go by The names are interchangeable. As interchangeable as their bed partners Some of them are well-born, while others are on the make, dallying with the hopes of making it big — in high society, with lots of dough

Have you ever made love 40,000 feet above the Atlantic in a better than 500 mph jet? Well, then, you couldn't possibly qualify as a member of this exclusive group Have you ever outfitted yourself in expensive skin-diving equipment and gone 50-feet below the waves to try out your passion? No? What are you — some kind of square?

Rich men poor men with titles, movie actresses, party girls, women with titles hundreds of years old, beauty queens and even a few members of government These are some of the people who make up the thrill-seeking, anything goes-set A group passionately dedicated to awakening jaded appetites Their theme might

Of Cafe Society

BY K. T. LEONARD

well be 'Passion at any price.' And as the saying goes—there are some that have and some that don't; also some who'll do anything for a price.

The ordinary person the guy who gets his kicks in the confines of an ordinary room gets a glimpse of what goes on in the inner confines of cafe society by carefully reading his newspaper Even the anything-goes-set has to watch out for the fuzz (cops)

Yet, due to the notoriety caused by the hangers-on – the leeches who try so desperately to crash the inner circle for peddling passion – it often happens that those who were born into top society will cause headlines with their own misadventures.

The Duchess of Argyll an aging, dark haired beauty, now 49, is the latest of the International Set to make news The former wife of American golfer Charles Sweeny she was born Margaret Whigman and was one time the No 1 deb of London society After she shed Sweeny just about the time Queen Elizabeth ascended the throne she married Scotland's Duke of Argyll chief of the Campbell clan

Recently her marital ties to the 58-year-old duke were severed in one of the most sensational divorce trials to hit England in years The judge found the duke entitled to recover $40,000 of the money he spent winning the divorce because of his wife's adultery with three high-society names, one of them being Baron Siglamund von Braun, brother of the rocket expert (*Continued on next page*)

THE PASSION PEDDLERS OF CAFE SOCIETY

In the trial the duke said his wife's sexual appetite was "insatiable." The shocked trial judge called the Duchess a "sick woman" and said some of her sex practices were such "as to be unprintable."

The Duchess, called Maggie by her many friends has long been one of the leading lights of the anything-goes-set. Because of her many years in the top rung of society she has been regarded as the high priestess of the international cult. In this same group type there is Christine Keeler, a 21-year-old Irish bit of talent who made England's government shake because of her friendship with War Minister John Profumo. Christine even put a smile on a chair-laced Soviet diplomat's face before he was recalled suddenly to Moscow.

A model with lovely red hair, shapely entiering legs and a body that looks great in a bathing suit, Christine's entrance into the International Set was accomplished through the back door so to speak. While living with John Edgecombe, a 30-year-old West Indian, she met War Minister John Profumo at a party. Profumo acting as sponsor, introduced her into both diplomatic and high society. Christine made friends quickly and among her friends was Capt. Yevgenie Ivanov, the naval attache to the Soviet Embassy in London.

Christine made headlines when her West Indian boy friend decided she was being too friendly and fired six shots at her through the apartment door of one of her new-found friends. When it came time for Christine to take the witness stand she hopped a jet for Spain. According to the English press, Christine wouldn't tell what it felt like to be shot at because too many important names might be involved in a trial that promised to be messy.

Christine finally did return to testify but not before the Russian diplomat had been quietly recalled and Profumo had time to issue a statement saying: "Miss Keeler and I were on friendly terms. There was no impropriety whatever in my acquaintance with her." It was so very simple.

Afterwards her boyfriend was sentenced to seven years in prison for possessing and discharging a firearm in London.

Yet what happened in staid old England seems like some pink tea party compared to the goings on in the official playground of the International Set—Rome's Via Veneto. There some of the more familiar names have hit the press in one of the most uninhibited cities the world has seen—names like Anita Ekberg, Linda Christian, Peter Howard and Prince Raimondo Orsini have made the headlines.

Miss Ekberg, who is sarcastically called the Swedish iceberg, has found time between movie appearances to become a living legend of a sort. She is currently suing Oriana Fallaci, a Roman (girl) reporter who—she says—dared suggest her conduct as being loose and immoral.

Beautiful Linda Christian, one time movie actress, travelled the world capitals the friend of movie stars, people of high society importance, personalities in government.

In a recently published autobiography, entitled just Linda, this auburn-haired temptress takes her readers through many of her more exciting experiences. In fact, she even tells you that it was the late Errol Flynn who first bit the apple with her. Linda was 17 at the time.

Some of the more famous men Miss Christian speaks of as her close friends—if you don't count the late Tyrone Power, to whom she was married—are actor Turhan Bey, Brazilian millionaire Baby Pignatari, the late racing car daredevil, Marquis de Portago, the late Aly Khan and actor Edmund Purdom (whom she also married).

Miss Christian is one of the recognized leaders of the Jet Set. She flits back and forth over the puddle known as the Atlantic.

"I live every day as if it were to be my last," she has said.

While Miss Christian is the leader of the older more settled Jet Set, in group a top star of the younger more daring group is honey-haired Contessina Christina Paolozzi. Miss Paolozzi achieved her eminence by the simple expedient of posing for a full page photograph in Harper's Bazaar without a stitch of clothing on. As a result her name was dropped from the Social Register.

Miss Paolozzi was a close friend of millionaire playboy Peter Haward. It was Howard, who a few years back threw a party in Rome that was visited by the police. Observed at the party were Anita Ekberg, doing a hot cha-cha that caught the attention of the press, and Turkish dancer Haish Nana discarding all her clothes.

Although she is only 23 the Contessina has been engaged 11 times to the best recollection of her friends. Following the publication of her unadorned female form in the fashion magazine, she decided to make New York her base of operations. Her more recent companions include a languid gentleman named Gonzalo de Bourbon, a nephew of Don Juan the Count of Barcelona and pretender to the Spanish throne. When their dating days ended she explained it this way:

"To live with a man you must be in his shadow. Gonzalo casts practically no shadow at all. He seemed to want to do nothing. So I got him a job with a brokerage house and sent him away. I suppose he'll make millions. I'm glad I did it."

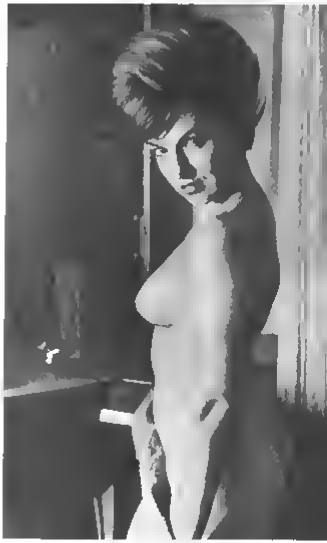
If was one play-girl who told this reporter about some of the more exotic ways to make love that the International Set has come up with. There is for instance a Jet Club and anyone who has been able to make it while flying in a jet is eligible to join. Recently however the Jet Club became passe. The newest craze is to buy skin-diving equipment and go for swim with your latest heart throb. It too is an interesting experience. I am told.

The British Isles, not long ago were scandalized by the public airing of Viscount Thomas *(Cont on p 62)*



Why Harvard Loves Yale





Despite the traditional rivalry, who could blame a loyal Crimson tallower for taking a shine to this lovely descendant of Eli Yale? Her first name's Tammy

See next page







Raised in Boston, Miss Yale has a warm affection for Harvard, too. As a small girl she rooted for the Crimson eleven.







Now that she's grown up, it's not hard for any college man to feel delight over this lissome lass with the ivy ties





THE GIRL IN THE

BY TED MASS

A slip of the lip may sick

a trip to the alter, or it may

point the way. It depeeds

on how the bleepers bounce and

rarely has there been a girl

who bounced them as often and

laugh-provokingly as Alice!

FICTION



FREUDIAN SLIP

ELEANOR and Alice were the perfect New York roommate combination. They were as unlike each other Alice had once said as two shes in a pod could be. It was a case she had added of opposites protracting a relationship.

Eleanor was tall, slender, brunette and chic. A few years older than Alice there were no chinks in her sophisticated veneer. She was the kind of girl you see on Fifth Avenue on summer afternoons, or in the lobby of the Plaza at cocktail time. Immaculately groomed, absolutely at ease confident in her attractiveness and obviously unapproachable. Just looking at her you would know that the man she was waiting for was a lawyer, or perhaps a stockbroker that he was Ivy League and Brooks Brothers—and you would know that he wouldn't keep her waiting.

By contrast Alice looked as helpless as Eleanor did competent. About her there always seemed to hang an aura of disorientation. Blonde and wholesomely curvy, her lips were in a constant pucker aimed at blowing a stray wisp of hair from her forehead. She was the kind of girl policemen were always asking if they could help, always offering gratuitous directions and subway information and then staring after her unconsciously joggling figure with a smile that said they knew she hadn't understood a word they'd said.

Indeed, communication was Alice's big problem. Where Eleanor made conversation easily and smoothly, Alice was constantly finding her foot in her mouth, having put it there by simply having said the first thing which popped into her mind. It seemed that the self-censor which inhibits most people's minds (and inhibits their conversation) had been left out of Alice's make-up.

"You're a master of the Freudian slip," Eleanor once told her.

"You mean mistress," Alice answered—and then blushed.

Eleanor smiled wisely. Any reference to sex, even one as obscure as "mistress," reduced Alice to confusion. Her experience was virtually nil, and her innocence was a constant source of amusement to Eleanor who, while choosey, was not celibate. Yet counter-balancing Alice's studied virtue was her propensity for

(Cont. on p. 63)





ARTICLE

BY JOHN ANNSTRONG

How JFK Killed The Beatniks



By pushing various arts and artists in America and by inviting his favorites to the White House, JFK has wielded an influence that few thought could exist

JOHN F KENNEDY—President of these United States—doesn't wear a hat or an overcoat. Norman Mailer—Executive V P and Leading Lama of the Movement Beatnique—Literary Division — doesn't wear them either. The similarity between the two leaders of one generation ends there. Mailer is on the side of the beats. The President is a square. But definitely

The fact that JFK looks more like a free-wheeling free-thinker than a properly aged-in-the-wood politico makes not a whit of difference. The further fact that he has a singularly attractive wife who combines culture and couth with a large helping of class... doesn't count either. The old man from Dubnque and his maiden aunt who head up the senior citizens society and conservative club in Punxatawney, Pa. may not see it this way but facts are facts, and square is square.

The verdict comes from headquarters—from the beats themselves. And not all the coolness vigah in the world is about to change their opinion of the President.

For one thing Kennedy bathes. For another thing (Strike Two) he is conspicuously married and is staying that way — to one woman. And while marriage may be okay, it's like not something you *talk* about, man.

Strike Three? Take a look at Kennedy-on-Culture. The beats take a dim view of what they see.

Igor Stravinsky and Leonard Bernstein have been invited to the White House; they note. So have Pablo Casals, Arthur Miller and a Who's Who of the Square Artists of the World.

So where are Allen Ginsberg, William Burroughs, Norman Mailer, Jack Kerouac—Big Daddy of them all? Back at the pad — that's where. Waiting for a telephone call that never comes. Still looking for that Command Performance — if they care at all, and the odds are that they do.

The result of the New Frontier's disinterest has been considerable, so that not long ago, a leading San Francisco hipster, Brother Antoninus, declared the beat movement dead. Antoninus went so far as to lay much of the blame for the cult's demise at the door of the White House. Softening his analysis, the

What brickbats will they find next to toss at the New Frontier? First came the accusations of news management, and now beatnik leader Brother Antoninus says Kennedy has knocked off the "movement." However, where there's smoke, there's fire.

good Brother explained that the beatniks' emergence was originally an expression of rebellion against the "father image" of President Eisenhower. After the change of administrations, the need to rebel became dissipated because JFK is a "son figure."

However, Norman Mailer is hardly inclined to go along with Antoninus. Long a champion of the "New Breed," the author ventilated his hurt feeling in *Esquire* magazine by taking a swipe at the First Lady. One would offer her one's sword," he proposed, "when Henry Miller was asked to the White House as often as Robert Frost and beat poetry's own Andy Hardy—good Gregory Corso—could do an Indian dance in the East Room with Archibald MacLeish."

If there is any Indian dancing to be done, it is more than likely that the President would be all for it—physical fitness program man—but hardly in the White House, performed by individuals who have made it a religion to scorn the more vigorous forms of muscular exertion.

In fact, to the contrary, the very basis of the beatnik movement is founded on a philosophy of how people should *talk* to one another.

The effect of the beats on our speech has been startling, so much so that even the squarest of the squares would dig Herbert Hoover were he running for office today on revised slogans like "two chicks in every pad" or "weed will grow in the streets" or "pot in every chick."

Not that such slogans would get anyone elected to anything — but that isn't important. The beats have neither the taste nor apparent talent for leadership; it's against their principles. What *is* important is that their language has become so widely understood that it's in danger of turning into a cliche. And all of this has happened in only seven hectic years. Not even the French Revolution worked that fast or that well.



Beatniks have been overlooked by official Washington and Norman Mailer (getting heave-ho from recent press conference) is one of many to complain loudly.

It all started officially in 1957 when Jack Kerouac brought forth his sprawling novel *On the Road*. It was a literary landmark.

Since then thousands of words were written about the new rebels and the word beatnik became part of the language conjuring up a picture of a shaggy-bearded male who says, Like man. The beats actually boosted (or regretted) a full-blown public image instantly recognizable when it was noticed in the square world of *Saturday Evening Post* cartoons. (Cont. on p. 59)







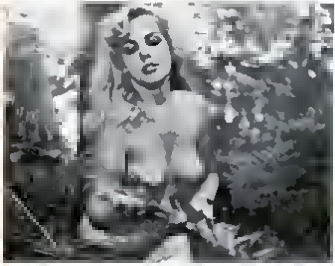


By reenacting a memorable scene from the great American novel, the lovely lass on the cover of this issue proves classic charms always manage to stay fresh and enduring.

THE TIME Tom Sawyer got out of painting the family fence by conning his friends into doing it proved one of the most unforgettable incidents in the Mark Twain classic—so unforgettable that the luscious lass on these pages (who, by the way, was named after the novel's hero) couldn't resist reenacting the scene.

Like her namesake, Tommie has an endearing streak of mischief, loves the outdoors and, while she's healthy and strong, would much rather go for a hike or a swim than do chores around the house. Also, like Tom, her adventures are wonderful to behold, never failing to hold a reader's interest. It's a small wonder that the girl named after an "all-American" boy turns out to be an "all-American" beauty.





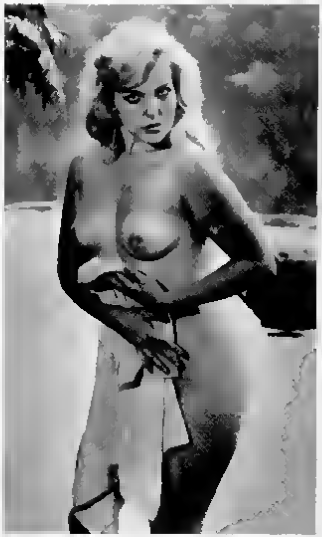




The Adventures Of Tommie Sawyer











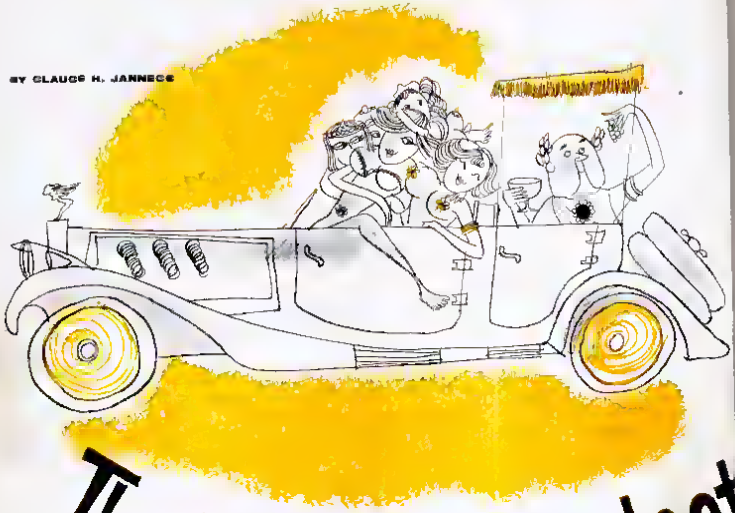


It was Tom Sawyer who said, "Work consists of whatever one is *obliged* to do. Play consists of whatever one is not obliged to do." Yet, at work or at play, Tommie could make any activity look like a breeze.





BY CLAUDE H. JANNECK



The World's Greatest

As the saying goes, "Love makes the world go 'round." Yet, antics of many lovers are enough to make the world fly off its axis and zoom into orbit

WHEN, during the filming of *Cleopatra*, the Liz Taylor-Richard Burton romance burst into the open and caused a spate of screaming headlines and sizzling comment all over the world, the affair lost no time in resembling a comic takeoff of a daytime TV soap opera. The succession of type read like this: LIZ IN THE HOSPITAL. DENY LIZ TOOK OVERDOSE. WILL BURTON LEAVE WIFE? EDDIE FLIES TO NEW YORK. EDDIE IN HOSPITAL. LIZ-EDDIE SPLIT, LIZ-BURTON FLY TO LONDON, BURTON-WIFE SPLIT.

In between there was much moaning, groaning and pulling of one's own hair. To the casual observer, if this was the 'romance of the century,"

it also revealed signs of being the zaniest. Yet a more careful look at the facts disclosed that both La Taylor and Burton displayed too much awareness and too much "method" to be called mad. In fact, a close look at history would indicate that Liz and Dick, in comparison with other so-called great lovers of the past, bore a greater resemblance to a couple enjoying a fling at a pants manufacturers convention in the Catskills.

Ever since men and women discovered the interesting possibilities in the fact that there are two sexes, wild and crazy lovers have been the rule rather than the exception. Shakespeare has said that love is merely a madness, and it's doubtful that anyone could be in love if he or she were completely sane. Nonetheless, it's a fact that some lovers have been a little whackier than others.

Going back into mythology, we find that the Greek heroes were admired as much for their wild antics in the field of love as for their deeds on the field of battle. Hercules, for example (a mighty



Screwball Lovers



man in more ways than one), is supposed to have enjoyed the favors of each of the fifty daughters of King Thespius in a single night! *And* he had enough strength left over to wrestle a lion on the following day.

Zeus, however—as was only proper for the king of the gods—was also a peerless lover. He carried on affairs with goddesses, nymphs, mortals and other attractive female creatures. His wildest trick, though, was to change his shape to suit the romance. Once, he transformed both himself and his current fancy into a pair of doves. On another evening, he turned himself into a large swan, but left the girl the way she was. When all else failed, incidentally, Zeus was not above assuming the shape of a husband in order to gain access to a wife's bedroom.

This is all mythology, of course. Nevertheless, the ancient Greeks and Romans, in their down-to-earth way, did their best to keep up with the immortals.

By all accounts, the wildest of the Roman wild livers was the Emperor Nero, himself. Nero took on girls of every age-personality (*Cont. next page*)

THE WORLD'S GREATEST SCREWBALL LOVERS

and figure type in a series of orgies and debauches that have never been equalled for size or variety or imagination

In charge of the imperial debauches by the way was a man named Petronius who was no sluggard himself when it came to dreaming up new twists on the ancient art of love-making

Eventually Nero—who was a small-minded sort about everything but women and other assorted pleasures—grew suspicious of Petronius' loyalty and ordered him arrested as a traitor As was customary in such cases Petronius committed suicide but not before setting down a detailed list of the emperor's partners and experiments in the bedroom sport. The list itself has been lost But Petronius' account of life and love in ancient Rome can be read in his masterpiece *The Satyricon*

Nor was the urge to have an active love life confined to Roman males Many of the women were even crazier for love than their men-folks A gal named Messalina for example who was the wife of the Emperor Claudius even grew bored with ordinary love affairs and would hire herself out as a prostitute just for kicks As the years passed by the Roman Empire declined and finally died The world completely changed

But lovers didn't They were as crazy and mixed up as ever

Take Pietro Aretino—a lover who lived in Italy during the Renaissance Pietro was a professional poet whose pen was so vitriolic that he was paid small fortunes by wealthy men if he agreed not to write about them While this reduced his output of verses it did give him more time to spend on his favorite hobby the cuckolding of husbands Pietro kept up his hobby until the end When he died at the age of sixty-four it was not at the hands of a jealous husband although many of the tribe had done their best to kill him before he reached that age His death was in keeping with his life It was from apoplexy—brought on by laughing too hard at a dirty joke[1]

When we get to more recent times we still find lovers as mad as ever One of the most famous of the Victorian woman chasers was another literary man who was also sometimes paid good money not to publish This was Frank Harris whose five volume autobiography *My Life and Loves* describes a love life that is second to none According to Harris he was first introduced to sex at the age of five when he caught his nurse and a male friend of hers in bed together Though not yet able to partake in the joys of love he more than made up for this early innocence after reaching the age of puberty Some scholars believe that the autobiography—which by the way is still banned in this country—is largely a work of fiction If so one has to give Harris credit for one whale of an imagination[1]

Another writer whose sex life has become legendary is Henry Miller As a young man, Miller had an effect on women that was nothing short of hypnotic According to one authority, in fact a Paris mistress of Miller's was so much under his spell that she paid the fare to the fabled city for the author's wife True love can hardly go further[1]

However love is not the personal property of writers Roman emperors or anyone else It is a game that any man or woman can play—and most of them do Even Latin American dictators

One would hardly think of the late Dominican overlord Generalissimo Rafael Trujillo for example as a typical mad lover Yet, one of the first things he did upon taking over the island country was to give his mistress the laundry concession for the Army This may not seem very romantic—but it was worth a good many mink coats and Cadillacs Later on Trujillo divorced his wife and married the laundry queen But if the generalissimo could be generous, he could also be persistent In fact he could be quite nasty about it if a Dominican girl said no He was just apt to toss her family into jail as a friendly warning

His zest for love was inherited by his children, as well His sons affairs have often been chronicled by the press His daughter has been married no less than seven times

Trujillo's first son-in-law, incidentally was no mean lover himself II was Porfirio Rubirosa who later married a pair of American heiresses Doris Duke and Barbara Hutton (one at a time of course).

Through many centuries the most famous country for love is France and for the past half century the most famous love symbol in France has been Maurice Chevalier

Chevalier sky-rocketed to fame at the age of twenty when he was chosen to co-star in the Folies Bergere with a lady named Mistinguette At the time Mistinguette was over fifty But she was still wickly beautiful and known as the "girl with the million dollar legs."

It wasn't long before Chevalier was swept off his feet and the "May-December" affair was the talk of Paris Apparently it was she who awakened the lover in the French song-and-dance man because from then on he broke one female heart after another The climax came many years later however It was the year 1927 and Chevalier had just married a pretty singer named Yvonne Vallee While they honeymooned in Argentina the 73-year-old Mistinguette raised a howl in the Paris papers What is more, she was still sexy enough for the press and the public to take her seriously Today incidentally Chevalier is 76 years old And according to many women he is still a sex bomb Perhaps the French know how to take care of themselves

The logical successor to Mistinguette, however, is a still very young lady whom the whole world knows as B B —or Brigitte Bardot

The "sex kitten" as she is called, is probably responsible for more nervous breakdowns among ex-lovers husbands and would be lovers than any living woman She has the looks and figure to arouse the juices of any male the right

(Cont on p 65)



"Is the lucky second home, ma'am?"



TAKE FIVE!

The eyes have it for actress Cathy Crofoot, who rests her eyes while reading a new TV script











After a hard day at the office secretary Shelley Laws (left) relaxes with limbering up exercises. Ann Wenn, also a girl Friday, simply stretches out for five minutes

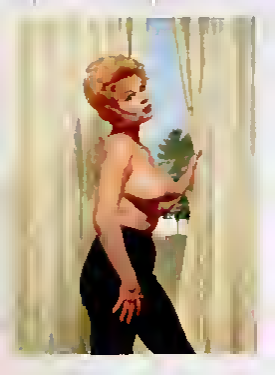


Once upon a time it was common to say, "Heavee help the working girl"—but no more. On these pages are five heavenly beauties who know when to take a breather on their jobs—and how to look breathtaking, doing it.

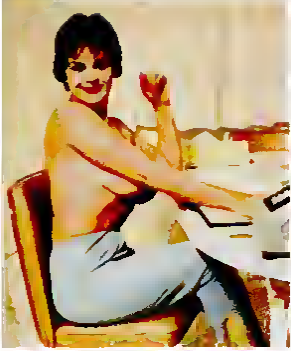


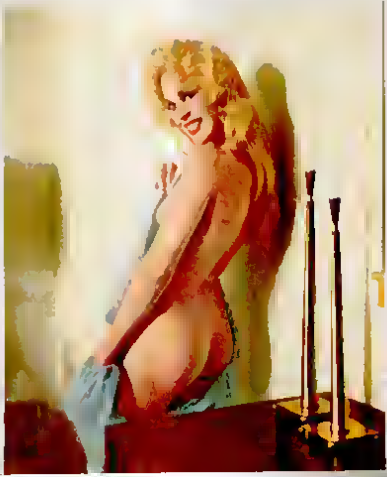
Movie script girl Dee Adams (top) picks up with orange juice before doing homework. Dancer Ann Sterls refreshes in shower between rehearsal and show time





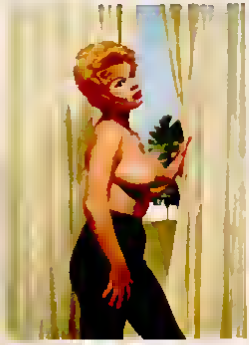




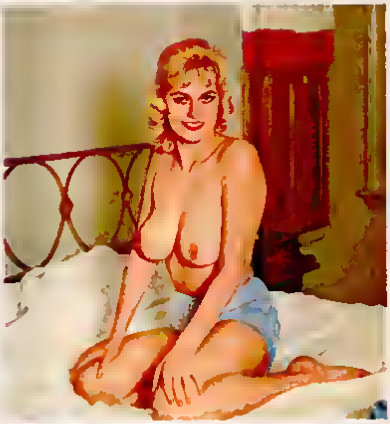


...TAKE FIVE MORE!

Doing housework is relaxing way for Las Vegas dancer Terry Higgins to start day

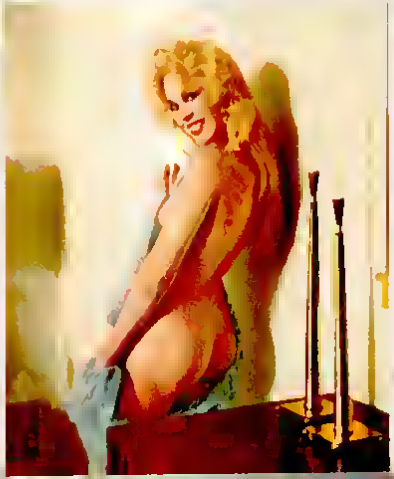


Francine Dougherty, an ad agency receptionist finds a 45-minute nap before going out on date, a breather she's most receptive to





Chair exercises help bookkeeper Sally Harris who does figures at home (top). Lee Wren takes time out to move furnishings







When you have an active mind as actress Elaine Jones does, "taking five" sometimes proves to be of little help. This is a sign for her to get back to her script till she masters her "p's and cues."



Though President Kennedy's 50-mile hikes have been discredited, the nation's leading medical experts still insist that hard work won't hurt anybody. Yet, it's important to know when and how to stop—as these shapely lasses do—in order to stay in healthy, tip-top shape.

In work or love, never underestimate the power

THIS IS THE STORY of Gerry Rapp, a young assistant publicist, and his big night of glory. Before we actually meet Gerry, however, we must first take a look at two New York institutions: The Premium building and the Premium Theatre. While not the largest movie house on Broadway, the Premium remains one of the best known. Like the Palace, it's had a long and checkered career. Through the 1920s it was a famous vaudeville house and, even after its conversion to the screen, it was still known for its stage shows. During the '30s and early '40s, teen-agers of both sexes used to line up at five in the morning in order to grab a front-row seat whenever a top singer or name band would play a date there.

Nowadays, the Premium is used exclusively as a showcase for first-run films. There are no more stage shows, and the eager couples who still crowd its balcony are forced to either concentrate on the screen or provide their own, more personal amusement. All this is known to most of the people who flock through the Premium's neo-Victorian lobby. Few of them, however, bother to notice a small side entrance with the words, "PREMIUM BUILDING," written above it in fading gilt letters.

Yet, to those in show business, the Premium Building is far more important than the Premium Theatre, today. Its seven stories house the offices of casting agents, booking agents, producers and one large Broadway publicity house named Travis, Gumpert and Associates, famous in show business.

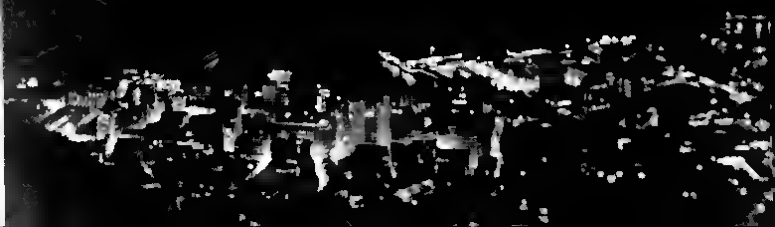
The Travis, Gumpert office rented the entire fourth floor. A tiny cubicle in the rear of that office was the working home of Gerry Rapp.

Gerry was kept busy each day, taking care of jobs nobody else wanted. He would write press-releases that never managed to break into the newspapers, arrange out-of-town hotel reservations and see that clients were kept amused on their days off – a task that was referred to as dog-walking. Gerry had his dreams, of course. Some day, he wanted to get a really big story into the papers. He didn't have anything specific in mind, but naturally it would have to do with show-business—and preferably with the Premium Theatre! He thought the old place had one big news break left in it, and he wanted to be the one to work it out.

His other dream was more private and had to do with Lois Frazier, a secretary who worked in the Travis, Gumpert office. Lois was blonde, lithe and built to rival the exotic dancers for whom Gerry wrote press releases. She had been sitting a few feet away from him ever since he started to work for the firm in November. But for all the good it did him, she might as well have been half-way around the world.

All that winter her face and figure haunted him. He started asking her for dates during the spring and as spring changed into summer, she accepted.

IT HAPPENED ON



of a publicist — especially when he is desperate.

But somehow this proved worse. When she was distant with him at the office, he could put it down to her business personality. But when it happened on a date, it was just plain discouraging.

The last time they dated he took her to the beach. And the sight of her in a bikini bathing suit made him gather all his nerve together and kiss her. Anything would have been better than what happened — even a struggle or a slap in the face. But those kissable lips of hers were completely disinterested as they rested against his. It was like kissing a wax dummy. He would have felt better if he could have told himself that she wasn't interested in men. But something in her eyes revealed that this wasn't so.

Things might have gone on that way forever if Gerry hadn't run into Bill Fralley in front of the Premium Theatre one day when he was coming back from lunch. Bill was a chemist whom Gerry had known in college. They hadn't seen each other for a couple of years, and they made an appointment to meet that evening for a drink.

"You look like hell," Bill told him after a while.

"I should," Gerry answered with a sigh. He told his friend about the problem with Lois.

Bill nodded sympathetically. "That sort of thing does put a strain on a man," he said. "Upsets the chemical balance."

"You're telling me!"

They were both silent for a few minutes. Then Bill spoke slowly: "I just may be able to help you out," he said. "I've been working on a new formula to . . . ah . . . make the opposite sex feel more sexy, as it were."

"You mean a love potion?"

"Not exactly. But it does have the same general effect," he admitted. "I'm not certain about the ethics of it. . . ."

"Never mind the details," Gerry broke in, impatiently. "Does it work?"

"It should," Bill said, carefully. "It is a brand-new formula, after all, and I've never tried it out. But, theoretically, at least, a woman can't resist it."

"What do I do? Place a few drops in her drink some evening?"

"No. It's in powder form and she'll have to inhale it through the air for about five minutes for it to have any effect."

Gerry looked crestfallen. "I knew there'd be a catch. I can just see myself taking out some mysterious powder and making Lois sniff it for five minutes or more."

Bill nodded. "Yes, that does have its drawbacks." Suddenly, his eyes lit up. "Tell me. Do you have an air-conditioning system in your office?"

"Yes. We do."

"Then, here's what you do. Make some excuse to keep her late one evening and, once the two of you are alone, place the powder in the system!"

(Continued on page 70)

BROADWAY

FICTION BY GERALD KERRICK





THE TRUTH ABOUT THOSE

Bird-Watching Chicks

An exuberant male, in search of beauties to share his favorite sport, gleefully discovers that bird-watchers of a feather flock together.

BY SIDSEY CROFT

"IT'S A *BLUE-GRAY GNATCATCHER*," I observed my binoculars pressed to my eyes. At my side the double-breasted hipswinger I'd brought along on this field trip made a careful notation in her notebook. She paused in her writing just long enough to swat a gnat. She missed.

As it zoomed in on her red-coated rump. I took a swat at it myself. I also missed, but she playfully hit back and, warbling a giggle, flew coyly down the hillside. The *Gnatcatcher* forgotten, I took wing and followed.

I found her nesting demurely at the bottom of the slope. The flutter of play which followed proved to me once again that a bird watching chick in the bush is worth two such canaries in the urban hand. So immersed did I become in the follow-up to our billing and cooing that I completely forgot to note the markings of a *Pied Billed Grebe* which flew overhead.

It's not often that I'm indifferent to a rare sight like that. You see, I've been a conscientious bird watcher since I was a little kid. Birds had been my sole passion until I reached adolescence and began to appreciate another kind of chick. By the time I reached manhood, working hours aside, I split my time pretty evenly between the two.

It never occurred to me that the two pastimes could be combined until I joined a bird watching society. For reasons which will become apparent, I quit it to join another, and then another. All told, I joined four bird-watching clubs and left each of them in turn.

My thinking in joining them had been the idea of getting together with people who had an interest in common with me. Particularly, I had hoped to establish rapport with some female bird-watchers. This might have been possible, except that I was driven off by the fact that the females I encountered fell into the following categories:

Over-Age Chickadee. Easily identified by its fat-tailed waddle and bright plumage, this species flocks together, forms its own society and cackles to attract young, single fledglings into its nest. The prey soon finds feathers flying over him, and if he isn't cautious his wings may be clipped in the melee.

Ready Eyed Husband Hunter. A true bird of prey, this specimen may be recognized by its mating call, which goes like this: "So-how-come-a nice-looking - fellow - like - you - isn't - married - so - what - kinda - work - do - you - do - so - you - make - a - nice - living - so - whaddaya - wanna - miss - out - on-wedded-bliss-for-so-ancha lonely, etc." There are infinite varieties to this call, some more subtle in their trill than others, but all unmistakable to the wary male bird-watcher.

Gold-Digging Sapsucker. "Gimme-gimme gimme" is the shrill cry of this chick. Also known as the *Bill-Running Man-Mangler*, its plumage is alluring, sparse and expensive. Many a male bird-watcher has been fooled by the camouflage hiding its predatory instincts.

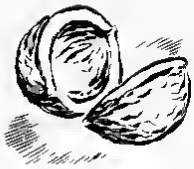
Apron-Stringed Nester. A sub-species of the *Silly Goose*, the chirp of this creature is a simple "Mama-sez-Mama-sez." Incapable of flying under its own power, it remains under the wing of its mother until time transforms it into an *Over-Age Chickadee*.

Gravel-Throated Henpecker. A variety of *Shrike*, this one is noted for its sudden swooping and great tenacity when it gets the male in its claws. Cannibalistic, mating brings out the worst in the *Henpecker*. Its call is varied, but always a danger signal.

My feathers ruffled by these and other varieties of sharp-feathered femmes I encountered in bird-watching clubs, I gave up on ornithological rapport and decided to go back to my solitary sparrow-spotting.

(Cont. on p. 60)





The First



Inevitably it happens on a day in late August—the air grows mellow and the first leaves fall. For Maria Martini it's the sign that she'll soon close down her summer pad, as she looks ahead to turning a new leaf in a brand-new season.





Sign Of Autumn

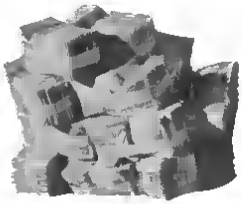




A production assistant in a New York advertising agency, Maria shares a summer house in nearby Long Beach with three other girls in her office. As the fall season approaches, this dark-haired beauty and her friends already have begun to think about the coming whirl of cocktail parties in town and the idyllic weekend rides in the country. So a girl as popular as Maria doesn't mind at all preparing herself to shut down her spectacular sea house in the August sun.







HOW MUCH MONEY

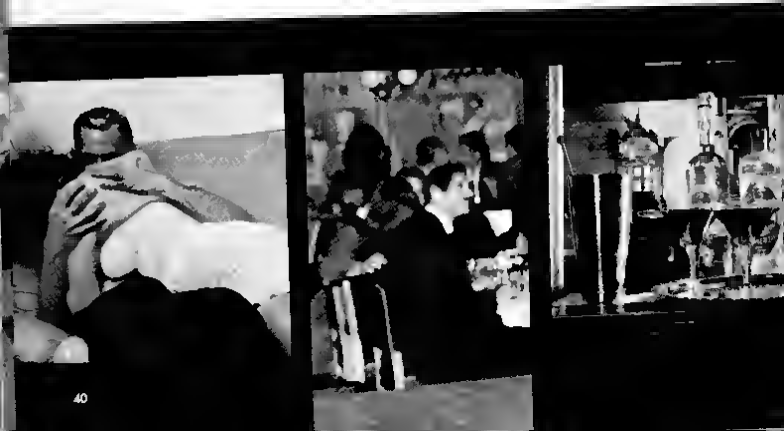
With more and more girls going in for free love these days, the once-high cost of being a playboy has plummeted drastically

BY HARVEY KEAN

EVER SINCE a brash young advertising woman Helen Gurley Brown caused a publishing brush fire with her book *Sex and the Single Girl* women have become awakened to the fact that the old fashioned double standard need no longer inhibit their libidinous impulses What's more men themselves have been made aware of the existence of a surplus of females who are just dying to be loved, honored and seduced—with no strings or greenbacks attached The notion that the man on the make must proceed equipped with a fast car snazzy wardrobe and padded bank account no longer holds true In fact in the days before the Industrial Revolution changed the whole concept of life love and the pursuit of happiness this notion didn't hold true either Casanova was a poor boy who kept himself in ample supply of pantaloons by cheating at cards Ben Franklin managed to keep the roof over his head by practicing the thrift maxims he preached Both of these heroes of the boudoir stand once again as examples for the vigorous young Romeos of today

There are 4 000 000 too few men around, noted author Brown If a girl just stands there with her mortal soul ready to be probed and sweet and smiling nothing may happen No truer words were written From a man's point of view under such bullish circumstances soul-mates are today a definite waste of time Furthermore in view of the tremendous psychological enlightenment of the modern age a girl of this sort would prove even a bad marriage risk—for love without sex is not the sort of thing happy families are founded on

It takes all kinds to make up a world goes the old cliche and today the man on the make is finding he's never had it so good There's never been so great a variety to spice his life and bring the gleam to his eye A well-known writer has been living for months his meager income largely augmented by gifts from three heiresses who regularly receive his favors Just get yourself published in any little magazine and you'll



MAKES THE MAN ON THE MAKE?

never be without a beautiful girl from that moment on he told this correspondent

Admittedly writers and artists enjoy a special kind of advantage in the game of love—a glamor that has taken hold in the United States largely because of motion picture propaganda Nevertheless, lawyers, doctors, truck drivers salesmen and college students are also finding lush pickings among the crop of available females

A door-to-door vacuum cleaner salesman recently confessed that his earnings for one week were drastically reduced as the result of his daytime dalliances Some of these women are just too luscious to resist he said

A knowing college student observed "The campus is the easiest place in the world to make a girl However you've got to adapt yourself to her fantasies Nobody has more fantasies than a coed If it's changing the world, then you play the part of the liberal-idealist If it's security you pretend you're preparing to make your mark in business These girls are pushovers"

This student is a far cry from the campus playboys of the Twenties and Thirties who were usually to be found in the gold-plated tuxedoed lines around the various stage doors The girls they dated were plainly playthings on the make for 'meals not woo To win a chorus girl's favors the young man paid out not hundreds but thousands of dollars

Yet, with the changing times virginity has ceased to be a virtue and as a result sex needs no longer be purchased with cash In other words, it doesn't require any money to make the man on the make However this isn't to say that an amorous-minded male can get by being a skid row bum

As Shakespeare wrote Clothes make the man To this can be added such things as a car some pocket cash a good physique a sharp wit a sense of humor skill at some sport outside the bedroom For some women, all of these attributes are essential for most others only a few Vance Packard noted in his book *The Status Seekers* that class aspirations are the most difficult traits for people to change Thus it is important, then for the man on the make to begin with his own class concepts using them as the means of defining the orbit within which he can best operate

A bachelor truck driver who has more females than he can take care of disclosed to this correspondent that he always campaigned assiduously to get the girl of the moment into bed With the help of a bank loan he purchased a convertible He also furnished his wardrobe with colorful sports clothes There was one girl who worked in the company's office he recalled She'd see me during the day all sweaty and greasy I asked her for a date and she accepted When (Cont on p 72)



WHY

BY JAY MARTIN



"LOCK UP your wives and sisters men. The fleet's in!"

"You know the way it is with sailors. A girl in every port!"

"If there is one thing a woman can't resist it's a sailor."

These are a few examples of the popular legend that seamen are the most potent lovers alive. All they need do, according to the myth, is to walk down the street for girls to swoon at the mere sight of their uniforms.

The truth, however, is that sailors are lousy lovers. The stories of their prowess with the opposite sex are usually made up by the swabbies themselves in order to fill time aboard ship. When they do hit port, chances are that they'll spend their evenings alone or with other men. One reason for the popularity of the nautical toast, "To the lass that loves a sailor," is that she is such a rare species of female.

Sound like heresy? Perhaps. But here are a few facts.

Item: A newspaper story recently points out that more and more sailors are getting "taken" by B girls when they go on shore leave. The gobs go out searching for romance but wind up with a Mickey Finn and an empty wallet.

Item: About eight months ago a large group of sailors were polled by an independent research bureau in order to find out their personal and military problems. The number one personal problem? Women—the finding and keeping of same. "Oh, I can usually pick up a girl when I have some money to spend," one sailor told an interviewer. "But I want one who is interested in me, not just what I can buy her. And I haven't met a dame yet who didn't leave when my dough ran out."

Item: In another poll, this one conducted by a West Coast newspaper, 450 young women were asked to name by occupation their preferences in dates. Sailors were placed near the very bottom of this list. Some of the girls went so far as to insist that they would never date a sailor.

These are not isolated incidents.

SAILORS ARE LOUSY LOVERS

To hear the swabbies tell it, they're all Don Juans. But the seaport sirens sing a different song!



They form part of a large pattern which the author has noted in reading many newspaper reports and in talks with sociologists psychologists and Navy men. Sailors have a rough time getting girls and most girls do not like sailors.

There are two objections here. In the first place if sailors are such lonsy lovers why should stories of their potency have become so prevalent? And secondly, what do we do about the observed fact that sailors are often seen in bars and cocktail lounges literally surrounded by women?

I'll take up the second point first. This is not such a contradiction as it seems. Sailors often go on liberty after two, three months or more at sea. Shore leave is the first real chance for them to spend the money which they have accrued in this time. And spend it they do.

Tobias Smollet, an 18th century physician and sailor who turned author wrote that "sailors get money like horses and spend it like asses."

Another writer, Leigh Hunt who lived about a hundred years after Smollett said: "The sole business of a seaman on shore who has to go to sea again is to take as much pleasure as he can."

Sailors have not changed much since Hunt's and Smollett's days. They come ashore in furious pursuit of pleasure trying to make up for all they missed at sea. To do this they're perfectly willing to spend their money "like asses." Obviously it is not too hard for them to find women who are perfectly willing to help them spend it.

But what sort of women are these? Normally they are prostitutes and B-girls of either the professional or amateur variety. If they make love with the swabbie it is not because of any affection towards him. When his leave is up or his money's gone it is goodbye and off on the search for another sucker.

A Navy psychologist told me that a sailor who is frustrated in his attempts at normal relationships with normal girls will usually head for one of two experiences. One is with a cheap pick up. The other is to be found at a tattoo parlour. They both provide sensation and a release from frustration with a minimum of effort on the man's part. He can return from either with a feeling that he's a real man.

Of course he is cheating himself. To get real satisfaction from a love affair a man has to be able to satisfy his woman—to make love to her. A tattoo parlour, a house of prostitution or a B-girl are all inadequate substitutes for the man who can't make it the way he really wants to.

Those stories of sailors as sea-dogs with roving eyes and dozens of faithful girls have been concocted by sailors themselves. Stuck at sea for months at a time under conditions of enforced abstinence they talk, think and dream of women. Since there are no real girls aboard to relieve the exclusively male society. The men tell stories to one another about girls they either knew or wish that they knew.

Each day you're aboard ship an ex-sailor pointed out recently the stories about women grew wilder. A girl you shook hands with once becomes

Continued on next page



WHY SAILORS ARE LOUSY LOVERS continued

the heroine of a love story complete with graphic descriptions. A cheap little tramp becomes a glamorous movie starlet.

"You realize that most of the stories the other men tell are as false as your own. But you want to believe so you never question them too closely. After a while you find yourself even believing the tales you tell yourself."

In other words, as one psychiatrist pointed out, "the lack of an adequate sexual life aboard ship causes sailors to invent one."

Rudyard Kipling summed it up in verse when he said:

"And there were men of all the ports
From Mississippi to Clyde,
And regally they spat and smoked
And fearsomely they lied."

But why should this be true? Why should sailors be such terrible lovers?

For the main reason we must go back to the facts of a sailor's life. All those hours that they spend exclusively among other men at sea and the wild release that they feel they need when they hit shore.

A sailor on leave knows what he wants from a woman and will brook no nonsense about it. As one swabbie put it: "Look, when I get shore leave I haven't seen a woman in a long time. And I don't want to kid around with any dame who wants to play games. A man can waste his whole liberty with that kind of girl and wind up no place. When I figure a dame is starting to play ring-around-the-rosey with me I tell her straight out. I say, 'Look baby, you know what I want. If you want the same thing, OK. Otherwise let's forget it.'"

There is more than an off-chance that this sailor was bragging to me about his forthrightness to women. But whether he was or not, his attitude remains the same. He wants a woman for one purpose and one purpose only. He doesn't want to go to the time and trouble it takes to woo and win a normal girl.

And it does take a lot of time and trouble to make love to a girl.

A woman must be wooed slowly over a long period of time. Havelock Ellis has written that a lover "must approach a woman with the same consideration and skillful touch as a musician takes up his instrument."

A woman's love develops much more slowly than a man's for a much longer period. There is real psychological significance in the fact that a man's desire for a woman tends to arise spontaneously, while a woman's desire for a man tends only to be aroused gradually, in the measure of her complexly developing relationship with him. Hence her sexual emotion is often less abstracted, more intimately associated with the individual lover in whom it is centered.

As the female author of "Frankenstein" put it in a letter to her own lover: "The way to my senses is through my heart."

Any man who does not recognize this fact is almost by definition a poor lover. And a sailor who doesn't want to take the time for the niceties, who just wants a woman—any woman as long as she's female shaped and willing—falls into this category.

A sailor has another disadvantage as a lover. Living most of the time in a strictly male group, he often literally does not know how to treat a woman.

"The rough-house horseplay, bad language and so forth, which is appropriate among men," a well-known New York City psychiatrist told me, "is entirely out of place in a male-female relationship. Many a sailor has lost (Cont. on p. 68)













KEEPING HER OAR IN











See next page









Though Kim Knowles had a rough time navigating in her rowboat, she pulled through, looking like a dreamboat. Yet, she found the best way for a landlubber to enjoy a placid mountain pond is simply to gaze at it from the nearby rocks. There she makes a beautifully placid sight herself. A determined girl, Kim is game for any kind of sport, although rowing and swimming are hardly her forte. On another day you can find her on the golf links or the tennis court, making the shots that are great to behold. Yet, it's never trying, watching this lass who won't stop trying.

FICTION BY HAL HONNEGGER

A man imprisoned in loneliness might find strange things happening to him. There's no telling what he will do when he finally meets an enchanting girl.

What Dreams May Come



IT WAS A SLEAZY, moth-eaten little motel, the kind a man and wife are attracted to, provided it's somebody else's wife. The kind of motel I always look for. More often than you'd think, the girls are left behind when their one-night-stand Romeos pull out at dawn. They can be pretty friendly when they need a ride back to town. And sometimes they're friendly anyway.

The kind of work I'm in, I get to stop at a lot of these places, and I've learned a few tricks—like when you hear a car drive away in the early morning, you look out to see if it's a guy by himself; then, if it is, you wait a while and see if he's left anything behind. You say something like, Your friend shouldn't leave such a pretty thing like you all alone, and you show her a bottle. No. I'm not saying it works all the time—maybe only a tenth of the time—but you try it often enough and, what the hell, it's just one more approach.

Oh, yes—the kind of work I'm in. I inspect traffic lights. My company sells them all over the East and a crew of us go around trouble-shooting the lights. So a couple of months ago I got this new route that took me from Newark all the way down to Baltimore. It's that long because the lights don't go out of order very often and how many firms do you think make those things?

So I stopped at this sleazy little motel just outside Chestertown, Maryland, registered and looked around. It was just after dinner, too early for much action. The kind of clients who pick *(Cont. on p. 50)*



WHAT DREAMS MAY COME

a place like this one register late after they get boozed up—or get their courage up. Also, it was a Tuesday; a slow night. After reading a paperback mystery, I went to bed. Alone, all, all alone.

I didn't hear any cars drive away during the night, and there were no leftovers for breakfast, next morning, and I awoke with the awful taste of frustration in my mouth. Frustration and loneliness—God is there anything worse? To go to bed lonely at night, and wake up before dawn and feel an emptiness beside you and an emptiness inside you, to know that the emptiness beside you will maybe be filled for a few hours each week—and that the other emptiness, the great cold desolate void that a thousand shrill painted tarts could never fill—that will only grow and grow like the exploding universe, until it stretches beyond whatever you are and whom—there's nothing there but emptiness.

That's how it was, next morning, that morning when I first saw Her, with a capital H. The Girl. Paradise shaped like a female, all the Garden of Eden—the smells, the colors, the tenderness, the delicacy—squeezed into hundred and ten pound package, all wrapped in frilly cotton and tied in the middle with a ribbon. Like a bright shiny Christmas gift ready and eager to be opened. Her name was Greta and she was the chambermaid.

She knocked discretely on the door, stuck her head in and said excuse me, could she make up the room now because it was getting late and she was off at noon.

Okay, what would you have done? You would have invited her in with a breezy, nonchalant wave of the hand and told her to go ahead. And while she swept up and made the bed you'd have pretended to be busy packing, while you watched her lovely fanny jiggling as she made the bed. And since motels like this often lure pretty dishes to work up the appetites of the clientele and lure them back, you'd have figured she was fair game. And you would have trotted out the bottle and the line along with the hook and the sinker. Just like you figure I must have done after all my big talk.

Well, I didn't do anything like that at all. I didn't say a word, not one lousy goddam word. I just nodded and let her come in and do her work. I couldn't even bring myself to watch her. Instead, I trembled and sweated while I fumbled with my suitcase. I caught one glimpse of her in the dresser mirror, one luscious glimpse as she leaned far over the bed and pat the pillow into shape and raised her leg high so that half her thigh was revealed and the soft curves of her body were accentuated by her billowy dress.

Snapping the suitcase shut, I seized it and walked out of the room fast without looking at her. I had to, in order to keep from going to pieces. Because what I said—all that about me picking up the leftover babes and about knowing all those tricks, and being the worldly lothario of the motels—that was for the birds! The truth is I only *imagine* all those things. I want it to be like that—if you only knew how much I want it to be like that.

How is it really? I'll tell you. It's like death, the loneliness. It's like I said before—and that was true about the emptiness and all—I go to bed each night, always in a different place that's really the same place, and I dream about the girls I've seen and wanted and didn't have the courage to approach. Yes, I dream and the dreams are so real that I almost seems that those wonderful things are actually happening. I mean, in my dreams I can do anything. I like. I can undress the prettiest girl I've seen and touch her and feel the silkiness of her and the warmth. It's really almost as good my dreams are that real.

But I always wake up. Always. I grab at the dream and I try to wrap it around me like a soft warm blanket—but, always, I feel it slipping away as the blanket turns to mist. And I wake up. And then the hell begins all over again, never ending.

So I ran out of the room and got into my '58 Buick with the bad valve and clattered away toward Baltimore where there was a traffic light whose timing system was all fouled up. I climbed up to the light and opened it and it went blippety-blip and its great round red eye stared into mine. I don't mind the green lights or the yellow; they're kind of soothing. But the red ones.... A head shrinker once told me that red signifies guilt. I mean, how stupid can you get? I walked out on him and never went back.

Anyway, I fixed that damned red light and left it blinking and smirking in my rear view mirror and before I knew it I was on Route 213 again. I know I shouldn't have stopped at the motel that night. But I couldn't help it. Maybe this time I told myself. It would be different. Sooner or later it *had* to be different. Sooner or later I would be able to walk up to a girl and tell her she was lovely and would she like me to buy her a drink and how about a little roll in the hay. And then I would forget about the loneliness, the frustration and the day-long ago when my father shut himself because he found my mother in bed with another man.

I drove up to the motel and registered and the slinky clerk with the built-in leer said how nice it was to see me again so soon and have a pleasant night.

I saw her almost at once. She was just going into one of the rooms. She was dressed differently with a jacket and a handbag—and she certainly wasn't going in there to make beds. It must be that she lived there. A something feeling went through me that was both warm and cold as I wondered how the night would be. Warm or cold?

I knew how it could be because now I knew that my little chambermaid was not just a chambermaid. On the other hand she was too young to have been in the business long enough to deepen the dimples and remove the

(Cont on p 66)

PLAYTHINGS FOR PLAYMATES

From prehistoric civilizations to the present day, toys have managed to amuse both children and adults alike. Old as they are, they still help playful beauties to stay young.



Babs Strong with her bongo drum. Sue Reiner with her sports car and Jean Allen on the bowling alleys all know how to keep selves unblocked

See next page











The child s slide has been around for 90 years Even today t still helps Marcy Frazer to ease her cares away



Pocket billiards became popular in England during Shakespeare's day Mukki Frantz shows off English touch

Nancy Simms is delighted with kitten made of clay It is believed Cleopatra was first to use such a toy to keep her "feline" happy





Stuffed leopards like one Doris Peterson cherishes was invented in the Middle Ages in Germany This type of toy is the most popular in world









Boats have been around since men's earliest times but only in the past 25 years have they become famous as plaything for pleasure lovers Mike Ann Winfield (left) Others like Jo Weems are finding fun to be the net gain from using nets



The City Where Anything Goes—



Servicemen, tourists and residents alike find Panama City a



ALL CITIES are many cities. This applies to such prosaic places as Reading, Pennsylvania and Hohokus, New Jersey. But where this multi-faced quality is most noticeable is in the romantic ports of call at the crossroads of the world. I'm in one of the most romantic of all, at the moment—Panama City. When I leave here I'll carry away many memories, but the most vivid will be three—one for each of Panama's faces.

First, Panama City is a "sin town," whatever that is. So many communities of the world have been described as sin towns in recent years, I expect Reading and Hohokus to be next. Sure, Panama is reeking with sin, sadism, vice and viciousness—like most other places—but most of it is out in the open. It's refreshing, that way. Going to Panama, some day? Want to know where to go? Listen:

My first trip—I was green; that was four years ago. I made one acquaintance then, that paid off when I returned this time. Her name is—for our purpose—Ginny, and she's one of the youngest, prettiest and smartest floosies in Central America—or anywhere else. When I looked her up, this trip (so she could help me brush up on my Spanish naturally), she said, "Okay, Senor

After the show is over, entertainers will join their audience and make selves available to highest bidder.

—For Everybody!

BY KEVIN JAMES



tropical paradise with an irresistible aphrodisiac climate.

Kevin, you are grown up, now—we shall do the rounds, *sí?*"

Sí, indeed and see I did. Ginny, who is the daughter of an American engineer—a real lousa type who abandoned his Indian mistress and daughter during the War—was dressed tastefully (in case we stopped in for a drink at the Panama Hilton or the *Nacional*), but that didn't cramp our style. We started out in low gear at the *El Sombrero*, Panama's best night club, where they put on a show that would rock the clipped pigeons at the Latin Quarter in New York.

Then, properly fueled, we lit our fuses and took off. Our orbit consisted of "the rounds," and we hit every brothel worth hitting in Panama. Incidentally, I wouldn't advise *everybody* to make this "klicks" tour of Panama—at least not with a girl guide. The prostitutes at the various establishments kind of resent it—they think it's an insult—and they're likely to tear both you and your "es-courtesan" to shreds.

But Ginny was well known and—unusually—liked by all. Or nearly all. We drove straight out the Via España, on which, it seems, most of Panama City's life is to be found. About a mile beyond the *El Sombrero*, the fun houses begin. (*Cont. next page*)



Hotels—from the highest class to the lowest—cater to Yemenonna fun seekers, wishing to "do up the town."

THE CITY WHERE ANYTHING GOES—FOR EVERYBOOY

And so does the fun although I was simply doing "research" for magazine articles this trip. We visited such places as the House of Love (imaginative title that), the Blue Grotto (where you can not only get a roll in the hay, but rolled—so watch it), the Casa des Bntones, or Push-Button Club (which is like a motel where, when you push a button for service you really get served), and there was the Blue Goose and the Teen-Age Club. Now, there's a place the Teen-Age Club.

In each of these spots Ginny and I sat at a table and had a beer while talking to the girls, most of whom were friendly, once Ginny explained that I was simply writing a story about Panama. But in one small joint on the Rio Aubayo in the West Indian section of the City, we got into trouble. Here Ginny was not known—and therefore she was not liked.

The details don't matter—they never do, in these things. Anyway, somebody swung a bottle (after a lot of preliminary words naturally)—I am still not too far removed from my youth to be fairly alert. I caught the arm of the bottle wielder, thus saving the day and, incidentally, Ginny's skull. Unfortunately, in saving Ginny, I had to lay hands on the person of the gal with the bottle, this was too much for the proprietor of the club. He took a swing at me. Who saved me? Ginny, who else? Man, she was great in a fight! She made deadly weapons out of her spike heels and daggers out of her talon-like nails. We fought a retreating battle, catching bottles from the tables we passed on our way out, and hurling them at the feet of our attackers.

As we drove out the courtyard in my Hertz getaway special, the M P s—who do a good job of policing the houses—roared in. Behind us came the sound of breaking glass—and I hoped it didn't signify a breaking head. Ginny and I had escaped with minor contusions and abrasions.

"Let us," said Ginny, breathing fast and her eye bright with excitement, "stop at the *Nacional* for a drink."

The *Nacional*, the second largest hotel is a posh place. I looked at Ginny out of the corner of my eye. "That seems like a nice way to end the evening."

But Ginny—a more complex creature than most of her kind was thinking of how salutary such an abrupt and radical change of atmosphere might be to our emotions. "That," she said, smiling at her reflection in the windshield, "is not how we will end the evening."

And it wasn't.

Panama is more, much more, than this. Only a single wide, white street separates Panama City from the Canal Zone. A street and a fence. But between the two there is a yawning gulf that can never be bridged. Panama City is dirty, noisy, smoky, smelly and old. The Zone is clean, quiet, pure and relatively new. *And you can have it!* There is more hypocrisy, treachery and double-dealing among its inhabitants than anywhere I've ever visited. This ten-mile by forty-mile strip with its clinical communities scattered about—Balboa, Fort Clayton, Fort Amador, Cristobal, and a dozen others—is the home of the guardians of the Canal and dominated by the military. It is outwardly a model enclave. But

In the Zone, sex is rather dirty. Many of the wives of the officers and civil servants hate Panama, are bored and lonely. This makes for a bad situation when so many of the men are young and virile—as well as bored and lonely.

In the line of duty, more or less, I myself became somewhat tainted—and it was my introduction to this second of the three faces of Panama. Again, the details don't matter. Leave it that—at an affair at the Ft. Clayton Officers Club one night — I was introduced to the very pretty little wife of a major who was fifteen years her senior and who chose to work late at his office while she attended the Club alone. And leave it that she and I hit it off, talking of our mutual interest in sailing, skin diving and like sports. It was real fine.

But I cut things short that evening when I took her home. I wasn't about to get involved with the belongings of a crusty major who was probably a crack shot. Except that I had nothing to say about it. She called me at my place in Panama City a day or two later (she lived in the Zone, of course) and, well, I met her on the wharves behind the old city buildings. We talked of this and that—a lot about her dissatisfaction with the kind of life she'd got herself into—and she told me about life in the Zone. "My conscience bothers me a little," she said, "because John is so damn faithful and conscientious. But—I can't stay cooped up in that hellhole much longer. And I need a break right now. Take me for a drink." She looked at me and there was honesty in her eyes. "It needn't go any farther than that."

"Where to?" I asked, not quite sure what to make of it. Or of her.

"Let's just ride—right into the middle of town. John's away across the Isthmus inspecting a new installation. He's staying all night. It doesn't matter where we go."

We took a cab and rode up Fourth of July Avenue till we got to Observation Hill; then we turned south into Second Street. This is a pretty tough section of town, but not if you act like a native. We got out of the cab and walked a block. We were in front of a place called the Mariner. That's where we decided to go in and get our drink.

Now what happened then can happen only in imaginative books that nobody really believes—or to people like me. It happened, though! for this, remember, was in Panama. We walked in. We sat down in a booth and ordered Two Scotches on the rocks, no water. We talked.

It was early in the evening and, although the place was pretty crowded and

(Cont. on p. 74)

A LOVER-LY BUNCH OF COCONUTS





A WARM-BLDDDED SPIRIT

(Continued from page 9)

the way she talked! Which might give you a clue to the reason why after a campaign that had gone on for the good part of a year, the only thing I got was frustrated. Darlene combined the face of an angel and the body of a goddess with the mind of an old-fashioned Victorian rationalist. This was a girl who knew what she wanted—always. I'll she had passions — and I suppose she must have had somewhere inside certain that they were under the complete control of that rational mind of hers. Cool? She played it so cool she cooled right out of the atmosphere. However, it was pleasant to see her draw herself up when she said, "Polite." Torture perhaps, but still pleasant.

"How can you be so sure that there aren't any ghosts?" I asked her, hoping to get a reaction.

It worked nicely. This time she drew herself up with such disdain that I thought she was going to burst through her blouse. Because anyone with the intelligence of a three-year-old child knows that they don't exist," she said haughtily.

Mike looked angry. "I certainly think I have brains, he said.

"Will you believe in ghosts?" Darlene said definitely.

In the face of Darlene's self-assurance Mike's normal urbanity dissolved. "I suppose you wouldn't like to spend a night in the cottage," he said spitefully.

"I might," she answered slowly. "That is, if I had a real man to keep watch with me. Not because of ghosts—but because it's irrational for a girl to spend the night alone in an out-of-the-way cottage."

"Even in Westchester?" Mike asked with a trace of sarcasm.

"Even in Westchester."

Darlene was looking straight at me and it did not take me long to decide to volunteer. Not that I was anxious to become a ghost-hunter. Far from it. But the chance of spending a night alone with Darlene under any circumstances was one that I couldn't pass by.

We arranged to go up there the following night. And as Darlene tossed her little suitcase into my car, I knew that I would be the envy of any man who happened to be watching. The trouble was that they didn't know Darlene.

The cottage I should say right away was located on an arm of land that extended into Long Island Sound. It had its own private beach and—since there were only three other houses on the arm and neither one of those could be seen—was as private as one could wish. It was an ideal spot for romance—or it would have been that is, if Darlene hadn't been all business.

We got there about six-thirty and unwrapped a picnic supper that Darlene had a friendly restaurant pack for us. She didn't believe in cooking that girl. "Why should I?" she said "when restaurants can do such a lovely job."

I had no answer. I certainly didn't want to be the one to turn her into a drudge.

What I did try to do that evening was convince Darlene that it would be perfectly business-like to take a late-afternoon swim. After all, I pointed out ghosts rarely pop in before sundown.

I could see that I had struck a chord. "Well," she hesitated. "I did bring a suit."

"And the water is inviting."

"Yes," she agreed. "I'll—I'll do it."

While Darlene went into the bedroom to change I got into my own suit in the parlor where she had already instructed me I was to spend the night. About ten minutes later she appeared wearing a bikini that hid only her essential parts, and had those not very well.

"Well," she said. "Put your eyes back in your head and let's go for a swim."

"All right," I said weakly following her.

The water was warm and the beach clean and smooth. We had such a delightful time in fact, that as we stepped out of the water I thought to hell with it and drew her into my arms. She flitted nicely but kissed back in the manner of a teacher humoring a not-too-bright school boy.

Control yourself man," she said briskly. "You'll need all your senses alert for tonight."

"They are alert," I answered truthfully.

"Not those senses."

"But those are the ones I'm concentrating on at the moment," I answered reaching out for her again.

"Must you always act like an animal?"

"I'm sorry. Here I thought I was being most human."

She shrugged herself away from me and walked into the cottage.

I remained where I was for a while, lighting a cigarette and trying to compose myself. I frankly didn't know what to do about Darlene. I had tried everything I could think of. Once I even resorted to the underhanded trick of playing strip-poker with her. But by the time she was forced to take her shoes and stockings off I was completely naked and listening to her outline a course of body-building exercises for me.

There was a time early in our relationship, that I thought force might be the answer. Unfortunately for this theory though Darlene spent several hours each week at a ladies' gym where she learned some very effective counter-measures—including one or two that nearly killed off my interest in romance, permanently.

Since I decided not to use muscle power I was left with only my wit as a weapon. And speaking quite honestly, she was smarter than I.

The problem seemed insolvable. There was nothing for it but to go in damage control. Let Darlene beat me in a game of chess.

A few minutes after eleven we went to bed. Darlene took the roomy double bed in the bedroom all to herself and left me outside on the couch.

In spite of everything however, I fell asleep quickly and did not know a thing until I was awakened by Darlene's hand shaking my shoulder.

"Get up," she hissed fiercely. "Get up!"

I pried my eyelids apart reluctantly. It was still dark outside but the cottage lights had been turned on. I picked up my wrist watch to look at it. The time was about twelve-thirty.

"Get out of bed," Darlene said, again. "I've seen it."

"Seen what?" I asked stupidly.

"It! The thing! The ghost! Her! What Mike told us about!"

"But I thought you said there weren't any."

"I know what I said," she answered in a taut voice. "But I know what I saw, too!" She glared at me for a moment as though daring me to call her a liar. Then she shuddered. "I was reading a charming little book on quantum mechanics," she went on. "When all of a sudden the lights flickered and went out. The furniture in my room began to shake and a white thing floated through the window. It was horrible." She put her face in her hands.

I stared at her for a few moments, collecting my thoughts. I didn't know what it was that had started her imagination working, but nevertheless I was grateful. Her translucent nightgown was giving me some tempting glimpses of parts of her body that I'd always longed to explore. Perhaps tonight would be the night! I took her in my arms and slyly told her that everything would be all right.

It was at that point that the lights began to flicker again. Then just as Darlene had told me they went out.

For almost a year now I had been trying to get this girl alone in a dark room with her off guard. It had finally happened and I was too damned paralyzed to do anything about it. Instead I sat there like a lump of clay, listening to the creak-

ing furniture and watching the moonlight that streamed in brightly through the windows.

Then I saw it. It was like a thin white vapor that leaked into the room and collected itself into the vague, hazy form of a woman.

Darline gave a high-pitched shriek, grabbed the car keys that were lying on the table and made a dash for the outside. I followed running as fast as I could. But Darline that night could have outdistanced any Olympic sprinter who ever lived. She dove into the car and started the motor.

"Hey! Wait for me!" I yelled.

She wasn't listening. I threw myself forward just as the car began to roll—and landed flat on my face in the dirt driveway.

I picked myself up slowly, listening to the fast-fading sound of the car engine. For a while I was undecided about whether to return to the cottage or not. But what the hell. I figured. A ghost is better than no company at all.

Before I reached the door, however, she had seeped through again and was guarding the entrance. I suppose I should have been frightened, but too much had already happened to me that night. I stood gaping at the misty figure, wondering what else she had in store. The one thing I didn't expect was for her to laugh. It was a musical, tinkly sort of laugh, although it was thin and sounded as though it came from a great distance. "Are you alone?" the figure asked.

I shrugged futilely with my vocal chords for a few seconds and then nodded.

"That's good. I didn't like her very much."

"Wh... wh... who?"

"That woman who left in her nightie. Is she your girl?"

"In a way."

"Only in a way? That's nice. I'm glad she's only your girl in a way."

As I watched her misty form was becoming less and less misty. She was changing slowly into a curvy young red-head who was wearing a light summer dress. I must have been gaping again, because she looked anxious suddenly and asked, "What's wrong? Don't I look all right?"

"Oh, yes." I said honestly. "It's just that I thought you'd be more battered looking."

"Why on Earth should I be battered looking?"

"The way you died. Your murder and all that."

A grin of understanding broke across her peri face which I was having a harder and harder time thinking of as ghostly. "Oh that silly rumor. I'm surprised at you listening to gossip."

"You mean you weren't attacked and murdered?"

"Ily poor Mark? He's too harmless to hurt a flea. He was too damn harmless, in fact! That was the trouble. He frustrated me. And I'm sticking around here until I feel sufficiently unfrustrated! The thing is that most men run off before I have a chance to materialize properly." She sighed.

"But how did you die, then?" I asked.

"Oysters. Or rather, one oyster. It was a bad one, you see. Knocked me off in the prime of youth."

"I'm sorry." I said.

"Don't be. Ghosting it has certain advantages. Anyway, this is far too lovely a night for such a morbid subject. Let's take a swim, instead."

"But..."

"What's the matter? Don't you like to swim in the moonlight?"

"I do, I do," I said quickly. "I just didn't think ghosts did."

"Oh, I'm a very special kind of spirit," she said proudly. "I'm a succubus. We do a lot of things that other ghosts can't."

"Like what?"

"You'll find out," she grinned. "Say, would you like to see a cute trick?"

I nodded.

"Then watch."

As I did, her clothing and underclothing disappeared piece by piece. What was left at the end may have been a ghost, but to me it looked like pure girl. "Do you like me?" she asked, placing her hands on her hips and swaying slowly.

It was a silly question. She had long limbs, slim hips, a flat stomach and high, jutting breasts. Any flesh-and-blood I still had of Darline vanished as completely as the girl's clothes had. Without thinking, I stretched my arms out and pulled her toward me. She was warm and vibrant in my arms. I suddenly blinked and stepped back. "You feel solid!" I gasped.

She smiled happily. "I told you that we succubi were clever."

I took hold of her once more and prepared for a pleasant night.

When I woke up late the next morning my night-time visitor had gone. It was a bright, beautiful day and I whistled as I dressed and phoned for a taxi to take me to the railroad station. Once in town I reclaimed my car and then made arrangements with a grateful Mike Durand to take the cottage off his hands for the rest of the summer.

What did I do about Darline? Nothing. Nothing at all. When it comes to a choice between a cold-blooded girl and a warm-blooded ghost—well, there's only one way a man can go. ●

HOW JFK KILLED THE BEATNIKS

(Continued from page 19)

television motion pictures or the public streets. The beard—a readily-seen outward sign of inner dissent—became the badge and trademark. With it went sloppy clothes and dark glasses, further identifying marks of the male of the beatnik species.

The hippy's opposite number, the chick, was to be found clad in dirty jeans, sloppy sweaters and sneakers that had seen better days. Coiffures for chicks like their counterparts, stuck to the rules: The longer, shaggier, straighter and stringier, the better. Except around the eyes, where anything goes, makeup was as non-existent as soap.

Unattractive? The outside world said yes, added an exclamation point or two shrank and went about its business. But the beats dug each other, they embraced enough, in front of audiences, to prove it pretty definitively. Audiences, for that matter, seemed important to the beats. They wanted and needed approval of their own kind—and reactions the more virulent, the better—from the square society through which they moved along in their abrasive way.

Oddly enough, they did *not* however consider imitation either worthwhile or flattering. The movement—which began with the beatnik crowd—soon attracted the tough boys with their sideburns, motorcycles, virulence, blue jeans and black boots. The newcomers caused more harm to the tolerant climate in which the real beats thrived than any other single element—and nobody knew it better than the hipsters who began it all.

The beatniks were not so bothered by the other elements that clustered around on the fringes, learning a little to store up for later and to remember in "real bite"—the college kids, for example, or the minor literary lights who found in the beat movement an expression and outlet for their fluid-drive lives in which the juice box had gone dry.

Nor were the true beats particularly bugged by the upper bohemian group—the bunch that took to beat watching when it got tired of Toulouse-Lautrec, French movies, booze, and sex in all forms. This group as a matter of fact was necessary to the beats; it translated the movement in terms that the world at large could understand, and made it easier for that tolerance to be maintained.

The upper-bohemians a mixed lot at best, are still thriving. They include the Madison Avenue boys, lawyers so tired and jaded that they flip their collective wigs in delight over smoking a stick of tea in

a dirty pad the no-bosomed, de-dermered models who want to strip just to show their contempt of the fag photographers they have to deal with during the working day; pretty young telephone operators in Canton, Ohio, who approach men at parties and take off their blouses and bras and say "Let's have a ball"—and who turn back from beat to square when the guys reach out to touch anything more than the record player.

There's where one of the big differences with the *real* beat world used to lie. A real beat never said no in any language. In one of Kerouac's novels the quintessential beat was described as "a new kind of American saint because of his sexual prowess. He keeps three women satisfied simultaneously and he is able to make love at any time or any place."

Nevertheless, it was the upper-bohemians who stood between the square society and the beats—and in the process, eased the way for the general public's acceptance of the New Breed. For after all, it is the upper bohemians who've figured so prominently in the major fields of communications—television, movies, magazines and books.

It was the upper-bohemians who persuaded the beats to accept the ways of publicity—and run the risk of defeating themselves by letting ordinary people in on what really goes on, back at the pad.

For example: beatniks showed up at a party for *Look* magazine. *Playboy* found a girl to serve as a beat bunny playmate.

A New York entrepreneur even rented out real live beatniks for $25 an evening. This kind of merchandise was requested by squares who wanted something to start conversation going at otherwise dull parties.

Later newsmen and photographers invaded private pads, getting their kicks and sometimes their stories. They dushed beat characters out of their dark dank coffee houses and turned the white glare of publicity upon them.

Life published a full-page photo of the complete beat pad—including marijuana, wine bottles, a mattress on the floor, a bearded beatnik on the mattress, with a sexy, sullen beat chick looking on—along with everything except do-it-yourself instructions for making the scene. The article accompanying the picture described the beat generation as "the only rebellion around"—and not a particularly exciting one at that. But the *Life* writer did dig up a truth or two in commenting sympathetically on the literary works of the beat writers, and the validity of the beat criticism of modern society.

Ironically, however, it was also the upper-bohemians who laid the groundwork for the beatniks' undoing, for in espousing the cause of the New Breed in partaking of their pursuit of euphoria, and in enjoying of the fruits of Sin without suffering the perdition of poverty and anonymity, the upper-bohemians played Mephistopheles to the beatniks' Faust.

Thus it is that Norman Mailer could say about reporters: "Their intelligence is sound but unexceptional and they have the middle class penchant for collecting tales, stories, legends, accounts of practical jokes, details of negotiation, bits of memoir—all these capsules of fiction which serve the middle class as a substitute for ethics and/or culture." And while writing these excoriating words, it is Mailer himself who was adding his own capsules of fiction, while reaping the dollar he scorns, others for seeking. Whether inadvertently or not, the Leading Lama of the Beats, who sneered "No bourgeois will hesitate to pick up a dollar, even if he is not fond of the man with whom he deals," has become the leading spokesman of both the upper-bohemian and the *nouveau riche*.

When Mailer wrote in an open letter to President Kennedy, "You are a virtuoso in political management but you will never understand the revolutionary passion which comes to those who were too poor to learn how good they might have been; the greediness of the rich had already crippled their youth," and then followed this blast with a plea to be invited to the White House, he delivered the final, fatal thrust into the beatnik back as Brutus had done to Caesar.

The Kennedy virtuosity, the Kennedy interest in the arts, the Kennedy image of youthfulness and adventure, the Kennedy enjoyment of wealth and elegance had proved too seductive for even the beat Lama to resist, despite his hair-shirt protestations.

And in the end, these members of the New Breed with talent, some grown old and others tired, gave up their needless suffering to enjoy the good life that had dropped into their laps. For why not? It is not for all men to become saints. ●

Don't Miss

CARNIVAL

For exciting features on

Show Business
Exotic Travels
Glamor Queens

IN FULL COLOR

With

Fascinating Fiction
Informative Articles

On Sale Now
At Your Newsstand

TRUTH ABOUT BIRD-WATCHING CHICKS

(Continued from page 35)

I didn't, however, give up on the chic-breasted chicks who occupied the rest of my spare time. I harked to their call as always, merely resigning myself to the fact that the type of wren drawn to bird-watching was strictly for the birds, whilst the pigeons who cooed to yours truly snuggled best in a city nest.

As it happened, though, I was proven wrong. I had been dating a swing-hipped secretary fairly often at the time. Although she'd shown a great propensity for after-date nest-wrestling, she'd remained firm in her objections to transitory mating. One Friday night, after a wearying stint of chasing her around her coop in vain, I called a halt for a nightcap and, while we were drinking it, she idly suggested that we go on a picnic the following day.

"I can't," I told her. "On Saturday afternoons I go bird-watching."

"You're kidding."

I assured her that I wasn't. Convinced, the idea seemed to intrigue her. She asked me to take her along and after she'd wheedled awhile, I somewhat reluctantly agreed.

The next day, it being the proper season, I took her to a stretch of forest I'd identified as the hatching grounds of the Tufted *Titmouse*. She was enthralled by it, particularly so when I'd brought us not too far from the scene of an egg-laying. Later, perched under a shade-tree, I called her attention to a low-flying *White-Breasted Nuthatch*, pointed out the markings and showed her how to identify it in my bird-watching notebook. She leaned close as I spoke, and I could

feel the warmth of her breath on my cheek. After awhile I noticed that it was coming in short gasps. When she observed that she'd never realized bird-watching could be so romantic there was no doubting her sincerity. Tentatively, I kissed her. The response was all but overwhelming and it only took me a moment to comprehend that here on this secluded hillock I was about to succeed where nights of stifled effort had failed.

On that day and following days with the willing little secretary (also other urban doves) I learned enough about the would-be female bird-watcher to evolve a theory. It is this: where the organized female bird-watcher falls into one of the many undesirable categories—many of which I have listed—the tyro who is drawn to our feathered friends (usually a city girl whose lack of familiarity has given her many romantic illusions about nature), finds an emotional release in bird-watching which, if properly cultivated, may lead to a willing physical release. In short, the combination of nature's wilds and basic birdlore exists from the urban chick a willingness for woods.

On reflection, I was able to classify that first secretary. I introduced to bird-watching. Subsequent bird-watching with other carefully selected companions has led me to begin a breakdown and listing of tyro female bird-watchers which may prove handy to other men whose interests are divided between winged warblers and women. The most commonly found types follow:

Nature-Hooked Cuckoo. That first secretary who opened the vista of possibilities offered by introducing girls to bird-watching falls into this category. Known for its 'Ooh-look-at-this. Ah-look-at-that' warble, there is an early air of amazement about it. It flutters a great deal but when it finally comes to roost it has been so affected by its introduction to nature and birds that it willingly succumbs to basic blandishments. No matter the time of year, it's always the melting season for this species.

Bug-Scared Thrasher. Also known as the *Timid Dove*, this is a city pigeon who rarely gets closer to nature than Central Park. It fears feeds on caterpillars, bees, many other types of insect life and is particularly aroused by snakes. When handled gently and comfortingly, it frequently reacts with a whimpering affirmative. Note that such a body put in motion by fear tends to stay in motion when the fear is assuaged —which may prove very interesting to the male bird-watcher.

Duds-Doffing Dove. The warmer the day... the better the conditions for observing this species in action. Sunshine a rippling brook a grassy

The Cycle of Sex IN THIS NEW BOOK

PICTORIALLY REVEALED



Here is an unusual book. It's a story of two lovers who do things some people might not approve but who find happiness anyway.

The whole cycle is described and shown in brand new pictures and words as bold. Here is a chance for a new kind of reading and looking pleasure. All we say is try it—you either fully agree that it is a real satisfying experience or we refund your money. TRY 10 DAYS.

BOND BOOK CO., Dept. SC 3310
40 West 22nd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

Rush my copy of The Love Life of the Modern Homo Sapiens.

☐ Send C.O.D. I pay postmen purchase price plus postage and C.O.D. charges.
☐ I enclose $1.98. BOND pays postage. After examining for 10 days I may return my selection and get a full refund of purchase price.

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY ZONE STATE

VISION



the latest in mens wear on from way out. Only Forces! Brand new in the box as it has just come out of the factory. Nothing to sew, wash, iron. Is easy to assemble and the finest material to be had. A soft waterproof and wind proof bonnie in green or camouflage. Universal, will only stretch to fit any size head. The price is a French face from a shocking low book. Plus all that, you'll receive a wonderful Vision a mask and cape to match. Designed to set off a Regular $6.98 Value! We offer you all this for the low price of only $2.98 Plus 25c for postage and handling. Send your name and address right now while only 1 left! Your choice of Red, White or Black. Also in Black Lace trim. Lovely. Only one to a customer. $999 Inc. $5.00 Value.

ONLY $2.98 Plus 25c for postage & handling

Originals Dept 2910
515 MADISON AVE N.Y. 22 N.Y.

MEN ONLY!

We have the most unusual items and novelties for men ever offered. Sample assortment only $2.00. Catalog only 25c refunded on first order.

ABTCO MFG. CO. Dept. 1776
9311 Yucca St. Hollywood 28, California

UNCOMMON PRODUCTS

FOR MARRIED MEN

Men, business is the secret of UNIQUE PERSONAL ITEMS for married men ONLY. Now available complete! A selection of hard-to-find products. Married men send today for ILLUSTRATED picture catalogue and future descriptive mailings. Enclose 25c for handling.

L. & L. SALES 9311 Yucca Street, Dept. 1776 Hollywood 28, California

WHAT WOMEN SIGH FOR...



Romeotic Lover, Junk of Hearts Masterful Male — you've seen things in all women "Smiles" they toss leaving down your back. Don't just go. They can't. YOURS ALONE!

In this unrefined book you'll find ordinary love magic and modern love. Don't just read the Woo about Town Ways to gigue weeks naturally. We reveal make exciting love. Ways also to make the male personality more potent and irresistible!

For intimate and social blessings get YOURS ALONE—6 complete books offering us All of Love and a Way of the World. Single messages worried, you'll be thrilled with your new power! Only $2 Money back guarantee.

TRY TRIAL MAIL COUPON NOW

PLAZA BOOK CO. Dept. DT 8210
681 4th Ave. New York 16, N.Y.

Send YOURS ALONE in plain wrapper. I will pay postman only when it is delivered.
☐ I enclose $2. You pay no postage.
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman $2 + C.O.D. charges.

Name
Address
City Zone State
Canada & foreign $2.50 cash only

MAN & WIFE TEAM

If you have a camera, you can be the kind of money you have always dreamed of. Complete Literature $1.00

ABTEK Dept 1776
902 80 FAIRFAX, HOLLYWOOD 28, CALIF.

slope—all these are signals to this *Dove* to shed its feathers. Nature means being natural to her, which in turn means shedding the raiments of civilization. Once she's gone this far back-to-nature, nobody but a queer duck should fail to accept.

Cardinal Sinner. Also known as the *Ever-Willing Meadowlark*, the very sniff of a fresh breeze is an aphrodisiac to this city-inhibited creature. It reacts to the slightest warble as to a full-blown mating call. A word of warning, though: there is a sub-species known as the *Scarlet Teenager* whose willing ways have been known to trap the unwary into the category of *Jail-bird*.

"Old *Crow* Guzzler. Bird-watching and nature itself are both secondary to this species. Its main activity is to get as looped as a loon. Guide it to an alcoholic bird-bath and it will respond affectionately. Indeed its initial call — Pass-the-flask — soon gives way to a merry chirp of "khat-the-hell-why-not?" Caution: Too much bird-bath has been known to cause the best-planned outings to lay an egg.

Self-Consuming Warbler. In some sections of the country this species is known as the *Self-Tempting Thrush*, in others as the *Awakened Magpie*. Its constant trill upon coming face-to-face with nature may be annoying, but allowed to chirrup itself out, it will eventually prove to be a means of tweeting itself into the mood for amour. Its naivete in discovering the wonders of the woodlands is only matched by its naivete in discovering the results of convincing itself to be overcome by them. However, some ornithologists feel this naivete is only a decoy and that this type is really only a variety of *Ever-Willing Meadowlark*.

These listings, admittedly, are post-facto pigeonholings of types I have invited to accompany me on bird-watching expeditions. In selecting them initially I was guided more by instinct than by any prior categorization. I was, in a sense, breaking ground to a whole new untouched sphere of ornithology.

Therefore it let my personal taste call the shots. I confined myself to a compatible age-group—late and mid-twenties—my own social milieu—mostly working girls and college girls—my particular anatomical preference — large-breasted long-legged and twinkly-eyed—and my own taste in personality—womanly slightly wild and above-all, showing signs of willingness.

It's worked out very satisfactorily. Only recently has there been a fly in my avian ointment. On a recent expedition temporarily sated with the sex aspects of my sojourn, I idly turned my field-glasses towards the sound of distant chirping. Imagine my surprise to find another pair of field glasses in my focus, a pair that was turned on me and my companion. Even at the distance, studying the face when the glasses were lowered, I could see the signs upon it of that most heinous threat to male bird-watchers. Namely: the bird-watcher-watcher!

Yes, there he was: his intent to poach upon my bird-watching preserves written all over his face. There could be no doubt but that his watching was but the prelude to a trespass which would make me the victim of a *Horned Lark*. Alas, I had to face the fact that my combining my penchant for females with bird-watching was making of the latter a competitive sport.

Facing that fact though, I became resigned. No *Selfish Buzzard* am I. Far from being a *Green-Eyed Hawk* who wants all the doves for himself, this article stands as proof of my willingness to share the benefits of my experience with other *Dove-Chasers*. And my final bit of advice is this:

Don't count your chicks before they've watched! ●

PASSION PEDDLERS OF CAFE SOCIETY

(Continued from page 12)

Smith's libidinous tastes. The shocking information came to light during a hearing before a coroner's jury investigating the death of one Mary Arthur. The viscount who described himself as a happily married man admitted to the jury that he had been with the Arthur woman the night she died.

"We had a heavy session of horseplay," related the peer. "She really enjoyed being bitten and manhandled. It was my usual practice."

It all began when the nobleman dropped in on Miss Arthur's house and found her "romp-worthy," he said. After lunch and a walk, the twosome returned to the house and became woosome. The peer enjoyed an entire afternoon of peerless love-making that ended when the butler knocked on the door and announced dinner. Miss Arthur however told the butler she wasn't up to having any food and later that night she died.

The jury decided not to place charges against the viscount. The Medical Officer in his report said: "Miss Arthur's death must have been of a peculiar type—most likely in the horizontal onto the floor, namely from the bed."

However, when it comes to hot-blooded bluebloods it's doubtful anyone can top Prince Raimondo Orsini, the son of one of Italy's most noble families.

Orsini, tall, dark-haired and suave, has money to burn and goes through the female applicants to his set like a farmer thumbing his way through a Sears & Roebuck catalogue.

His most publicized conquest was Miss Denmark of 1956—a statuesque and gorgeous creature named Hanna Rasmussen. He met her while she was trying to crash his glamorous society and immediately became her sponsor. After an idyll that lasted a few months the Prince got bored. He gave her a few thousand lire and told her to peddle her papers somewhere else.

Hanna, who became used to living it up in her short relationship with Orsini, promptly became a $100 a night prostitute for one of the most fabulous call girl operations in the world. It was operated by a Roman beautician and his wife and catered to the well-heeled males of the world.

Hanna was one of 12 beauties who cooperated with the police and testified against the beautician and his wife. As a result the world got an insight into how a young, relatively innocent girl with beauty and talent is led down the primrose path. It starts with a burning ambition and a hunger for better things. The next step is an affair that is rationalized under the heading of love. At least that's what Hanna told the court. "I was in love with the Prince and I thought he loved me," she said. The last step was easy. Why not get paid for something you were giving away for free? It's not hard to understand and its logic is as old as time.

Was Prince Orsini ostracized by his society because he had contributed to the downfall of Hanna Rasmussen? On the contrary: if anything, he was honored. So goes the mind of the ultra-smart Jet Set.

The notion that such society bigwigs are something new under the sun couldn't be further from the truth. In the old days there weren't so many heroes and heroines on the scene who flaunted odd kicks—instead they relied on boodle to lubricate their free-loving capers.

Yet ever since the Fatty Arbuckle scandal rocked the world, social registerites and movie stars have mingled for sessions of passion in pleasure paradises around the world. Today only one thing has been added—newcomers are admitted on the pretext of crashing the films.

In this set of high livers and lovers the only thing that counts is a new thrill, a new experience, a new way to interest a jaded appetite. It all revolves around one word. And that word is S E X — CRAZY MIXED UP SEX. ●

THE GIRL IN THE FREUDIAN SLIP

(Continued from page 17)

accidentally verbalizing words and phrases fraught with sexual meanings Eleanor had spent most of one evening explaining to Alice the significance of the Freudian slip and pointing out to her the frequency with which she fell victim to it. After that, the term "Freudian slip" had been more or less of a household gag.

The punchline of the gag came on Alice's birthday when Eleanor presented her with a frilly black slip as a present. It's really a Freudian slip," said Alice, entranced. And Eleanor agreed that it was that the implied sexuality of the garment was the very reason she had chosen it. Alice put it away at the bottom of her bureau drawer a pretty thing reserved for just the proper occasion not to be worn just any old time. Bemused Eleanor waited to see just what Alice might deem a special occasion, just what the wearing of the slip might mean romantically to Alice. And meanwhile Alice went on committing, if not wearing, Freudian slips.

"I have to do something about my figure," she told Eleanor one night. "Do you know a good seducing plan?"

Describing a date she'd had with a wolfish young man, she told one of the girls she worked with that things went from bad to worse.

Writing a letter to her sister back home, she told her that most of the girls in New York were really "loving it up."

And discussing a mutual girl friend with Eleanor, she remarked that the girl was "rape for the first man who came along."

Such inadvertents—but as Eleanor pointed out subconsciously deliberate—slips reduced Alice to confusion. Her cheeks grew red, she stammered and her fingers played nervously with her hair until she was sure that whoever she'd been talking to had forgotten the slip. And if she'd happened to be talking to a man the reactions were even more pronounced.

And never was she more flustered than the night she met Tom. He'd been Eleanor's date, a tall, thirtyish lively man who wrote documentaries for television. Alice had come home one night to find them having coffee in the kitchen.

"You us for some coffee and—" Eleanor suggested.

"Is there room on the table for me?"

"No, dear," Eleanor smiled. "And anyway, Tom's a Princeton man."

Tom laughed a hearty, attentive laugh.

"I mean on the table," Alice corrected herself. Then trying to cover up, she changed the subject. "Eleanor," she asked, "did you remember to make out the laundry list?"

Tom choked on his coffee.

"I'll take it down in the morning," Alice went on desperately. "You know, I don't trust that laundryman. I think he's padding the underwear. I mean the bras. I mean he charged us for sex—and there were only five."

Tom wiped his eyes and tried to arrange his features more seriously. To no avail. Alice went on—"Those narrow eyes of his—if I were his wife I'd never trust him."

"And if he were your husband," Eleanor remarked drily, "I'm sure he wouldn't have it any other way."

"Tom, dear, can I get you an oxygen tent?"

"No. I'll be all right in a minute." Tom said coughing and gasping and trying to repress the giggles that kept rising up.

"Don't you feel well?" Alice asked with concern. "Try taking a deep breath. Fill your lungs with hair."

Eleanor pounded Tom on the back. "Oh, Alice," she said with fond resignation, "you're too much. This man is about to giggle himself to death."

"You mean he's laughing at me. Alice's voice was hurt. "I don't think that's fair."

"You mean you think it's the height of rudeness?" Tom managed to ask.

"I'm going to bed," Alice said haughtily. "I have to get my beauty rest," she added as she left the room. Tom's laughter followed her out.

It was about a week later when Alice saw Tom again. Eleanor had called early in the evening to tell Alice that she'd been detained, that Tom was supposed to pick her up and would Alice please play hostess until she got there.

"I'll do my best to entertain him," Alice said.

That won't be necessary. Just talk to him," Eleanor hung up.

Alice led Tom into the livingroom, seated him on the sofa and perched on the armchair opposite him. "Just talk to him," Eleanor had said. She took a deep breath, hugged her knees and plunged in. "Eleanor tells me you hate for television," she began.

"That's the tooth." Tom said with a straight face.

"It must be interesting to be a writer. Do you use a typewriter? Touch-type? Or hunt-'n'-peck?"

"The latter by all means. It's the only way."

Alice gnawed at her lip. Thus conversation was proving difficult. De-

SEXORAMA



How the Other Half Loves!

This most potent sexual remedy, the strange, aphrodisiac fo knowledge. Knowledge of sex methods and manners. Knowledge of what you may and may not do!

EVERY DETAIL PICTURE CLEAR

Here is such knowledge taken from the great sexologists! All the answers you need to plain man and woman talk—every sexual picture clear!

From FREUD: Dreams of nakedness, sex devils alone, infantile sexuality, frigidity, sex regressions, unhappy marriage, etc.

From HAVELOCK ELLIS: What is normal and abnormal rhythm of desire, homosexuality, lack of potency, variety of sex techniques, perversions, etc.

From VARIOUS MARRIAGE MANUALS: The wedding night, mutual orgasm, birth control, etc.

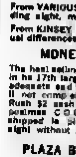
From KINSEY: Revelations on virginity, individual differences, variety in sex, etc.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

This book selling FROM FREUD TO KINSEY now in its 17th large print ed., shows how to lead an adequate and successful life. Try it yourself! If not completely satisfied return for refund. Rush $2 each check or money order, or send no money C.O.D. FROM FREUD TO KINSEY is shipped in plain wrapper. Don't go another night without this exciting book!

PLAZA BOOK CO., Dept. K6810
109 Broad St., New York 4, N.Y.

A GIRLIE Coloring Book



Here's your chance to play artist to some eyeful models. Color them as you please, as you choose. Impress sensations — if you can! Or take courage on the color bar by adding mustaches. Say it sensuously with color on THE BURLESK HANDBOOK a sheaf of full pictures perupe and playful glamour girls through Call Girl to Beautiful to sultry Ida Sanzop in you A Fun Book for your Viewing and Doing Enjoyment. Everything is just real as you like it! Need a mighty? Sent $2 or C.O.D. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Plaza Book Co. Dept. UP-1110
109 Broad St. New York 4, N.Y.

©1962

LIVE or VACATION in MEXICO 150 PER MONTH!



Only $1.00 for illustrated 48-page booklet

House meals $12 per month chauffeur $30 per month Gr. Rum Brandy 80¢ fifth. Fuel 4¢ gallon 50¢ lb. Sports night life. Send for personal report tells what Mex. co offers you

to STONE OF MEXICO

Dept. 1776 3167 W. Florence Los Angeles 45, California



Intimately Yours!
Exclusively Yours!
"FRENCH" LINGERIE
CATALOG



Originale

Famous for Fashion Firsts
Dept. 1068-B
• 515 MADISON AVE. N Y 22 N Y

POEMS WANTED
To Be Set To Music
Send one or more of your best poems today for FREE EXAMINATION. Any subject. Immediate Consideration.
Phonograph Records Made
CROWN MUSIC CO. 49 W 32 St. Studio 660, New York 3

ILLUSTRATED BOOKLETS
The kind YOU will enjoy. Each one of these booklets is 16 to 36 pages and ILLUSTRATED with 8 page series of ILLUSTRATIONS of COMIC CHARACTERS and is full of fun and an up-to-the-moment 20th Century Book. ALL 6 DIF. PESENT sent prepaid in plain envelope upon receipt of $1.00. No checks or C.O.D.'s. Don't be disappointed.
TREASURE NOVELTY CO. Dept. 5-D
102 Kalchaconeboy Station New York 2, N. Y.

MEN! STOP SHAVING!
I Can Tell You How!
I did 16 years ago! My secret, recent picture and money back guarantee is yours for $2. Free details.
LEONARD CHAMBERLAINE Dept. S8
BOX 201 Station F Buffalo 12 N Y

ENTICING SELECTION



We have secured a fabulous selection of HARD-TO-FIND novels & albums, books on love, etc. This unique assortment is available to red-blooded adults who want to love live and laugh. Send today for ILLUSTRATED FICTION CATALOG. Enclose 25c for handling.
RARE ASSOC. DEPT 1776
6311 Yucca Street Hollywood 28 California

Authors!
Your book can be published promoted & distributed by successful reliable company. Fiction non-fiction, poetry, scholarly, religious and even controversial manuscripts welcomed. Free illustrated Booklet. Write Vantage Press Dept. 2M 120 W 31 St. New York 1

BEER 10c Quart / WINE 25c Gallon
Easy to follow instructions for delicious home-brew. Amazing punch & sugar cheap. Only $1.00 to
ARTEK FORMULA Dept. 1776
6311 Yucca St. Hollywood 28 California

PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR BADGE $3.98



Real Badge Identical to that used by Police Officers. Looks like Genuine Sheriff's Badge. Solid Brass & Nickel Plated. Complete with Wallet. Send $3.98 postpaid. Specify Badge Number. Satisfaction or Money Back Guarantee. Send for FREE Catalog of Novelties.
PURSUE YOU PHONY CO. Dept. 1776
6311 Yucca St. Hollywood 28 Calif.



Lili St. Cyr
Presents HER FABULOUS
'Scantie Panties'
THE FAREST HEDGES TV!
"THEY'RE THE GREATEST"
Scanty curvy brief panties expertly tailored of sheerest 100% nylon with contoured French shadow panel. Maximum comfort with minimum eye-appeal—perfect for street wear, stage & photography.
A TERRIFIC GIFT SET — GUARANTEED TO PLEASE!
Choice of BLACK, RED, WHITE, PINK or BLUE. Order SMALL, MEDIUM, or LARGE.
Set of 3 $3.99
Give hip measurement to perfect fit. Sorry no C.O.D.'s at this price!
LILI ST CYR Dept. 1776
6311 Yucca Street Hollywood 28 California

ARTISTS • PHOTOGRAPHERS • AMATEURS
Looking for a Model?



Over 10 New Models each week. Glamorous, fascinating, exotic and shapely. Brunette, blonde and redhead who want to model for you. Just Calling Number the model's name, address, telephone, age, height, weight and vital statistics. Use Dial 01 Code. Order now, only $3.00.
BEAUTY PARADE, Dept. A-1
111 West 42nd St. N Y 36 N Y

terminedly she continued "How do you get your ideas for what you write? I mean do you get them from wife?"

"Heaven forbid! I'm not married"

"I mean *life*! How does a man like you come up with a piece I mean a tale I mean a story"

Tom swallowed hard "I write documentaries," he said weakly "I don't have to come up with—ah—plots"

"Oh" There was a silence Then Alice went on desperately "How many sheets do you use?"

"I beg pardon"

"How many carbons When you write you know how many copies do you make Or does your secretary do it?"

"Do it?

"The typing" Oh, now you're looking for things You're kissing me"

"I mean building!"

"I liked it better the first way"

"Don't be bone-y—funny!—You're Eleanor's mate—date!"

"I'd like to be yours Date that is Will you go out with me?"

"I couldn't Eleanor wouldn't improve"

"I'm sure she couldn't! On the other hand I don't think she'd object We're just good friends Why don't you ask her?"

"Well all right It would be nice to go out with you"

"Don't bank on it I'm a confirmed bachelor"

"Many a man has gone nay-ing down the bridal path"

"That was deliberate" Tom said

"Yes But don't get the idea that I want to bed—I mean wed!—you."

"Perish the thought

"You're not my kind of a passion—person"

"You mean I'm not an your lust?"

"You leave me bold—damn it!—cold"

"I'll call you tomorrow and we'll make it definite" Tom said Then he got to his feet as Eleanor came in

"I'm not even going to take off my coat," she told him "We'll have to hurry if we're going to make the last show" She turned to Alice "Excuse us for running off this way sweetie And thanks for entertaining Tom"

"I was bad to do it, Alice said sincerely

"That I donbt," Eleanor said as the door closed behind them

It was late when Eleanor got home and Alice was asleep She didn't get a chance to talk to her until the next morning Eleanor she began, "how do you feel about Tom?"

"What, honey? Oh I see I think he's very nice"

"Is that all? I mean you're not in lust with him or anything?"

"I'm definitely not in lust with him Eleanor answered drily "Why do you ask?

"Well, he asked me to go out with him last night. He said you wouldn't mind, that you were just friends. But I told him I'd have to ask you anyway. If you do mind, then of course I won't go. But if you feel about him like you feel towards a brother, well—"

"I've never given that much thought. No, sweetie, there's nothing between Tom and me. By all means go out with him. Enjoy yourself."

Eleanor's voice was nonchalant calm uncaring. It was the way in which anybody who knew her would have expected her to react. She was after all a sophisticated working woman of the New York world. It was part of her carefully built up character not to get emotionally involved not to have real feelings about any man to be blase about romance and love.

But inside there was a hurt, a sudden ache that she didn't want to admit even to herself. There was something about Tom that had gotten through her armor. For the first time in a long while she'd thought about marriage a home children—all the things she'd carefully ruled out of her well-ordered life. Now, knowing that he was attracted to Alice and away from herself, she felt a twinge of jealousy. But in Eleanor's terms jealousy was the least worthy of the emotions. She squelched it determinedly.

And she kept squelching it all through the two days preceding Tom's date with Alice. She was more decidedly Eleanor-ish than ever—cool, poised and blase. That was her pose as she answered Tom's ring the night he came to pick up Alice.

She mixed him a drink and made banlering small talk with him until Alice appeared. "Well here I am," she announced, twirling prettily to show off her new dress "a virgin in blue."

See that you stay that way," Eleanor laughed lightly. "This boy's got wolf fangs he hasn't even used yet."

"Nonsense. I'm sure he's a gentleman from lip to toe."

"About his toes I wouldn't know," Eleanor murmured.

"Well I know you, Eleanor," Alice insisted. "If he was the kind of fellow that tried to get a girl in his apartment to look at his itchings, you never would have had anything to do with him."

"It doesn't matter about his itchings. I've been scratched anyway," Eleanor said wryly.

"Darling, I didn't know you cared. Tom said, falling to one knee dramatically.

"I don't. Eleanor hed. And get up, you idiot, before you split the seat of your pants."

"In any case," Tom said, standing, "I refuse to stay here and be maimed to my face. If you girls want to discuss my wolfish tendencies, do it when I'm not around. You can compare notes with Alice tomorrow, Eleanor." He glanced at his watch. "Right now we're late."

"On your way then. Have a good time."

"Now about those itchings," Eleanor heard Tom say to Alice as they left the apartment.

And Alice's voice came drifting back. "Oh, I know Eleanor was only kidding. But seriously some of these wolves—they ought to be put in jail or desexed or something. I mean the way they act calls for some kind of penal reform, don't you think?"

Eleanor took three aspirins and went to bed. She fell asleep immediately and her sleep was deep as her resignation at having lost Tom. This was confirmed with the ringing of the doorbell the next morning.

Groggily Eleanor fumbled into a robe and answered it. She came more awake as she realized that Alice's bed hadn't been slept in. There was a Western Union messenger at the door. She paid him tipped him and closed the door behind him. She tore open the yellow envelope and read:

DEAR ELEANOR STOP TOM AND I HAVE ELAPSED SO I WON'T BE HOME FOR BREAKFAST STOP AM DELIRIOUSLY HOPPY STOP WERE HONEYWOOING IN MIAMI STOP WILL CALL YOU THE MINUTE I GET KNACK STOP ALL OUR LUST FROM BOTH OF US STOP

ALICE

Well that writes finis to Tom.

Eleanor thought. That Alice! She'd Freudian-slipped her way right into marriage. Freudian slips . . . But were they? Eleanor was seized with a sudden suspicion. Suppose Alice said those things deliberately? Suppose she said them to catch people's interest, men's interest. Tom's interest? Suppose she used it as a way to throw people off balance? No it couldn't be. And yet.

There was one way of finding out. Eleanor had remembered the frilly black Freudian slip she'd given Alice for her birthday. the slip Alice had been saving for "just the proper occasion." She went to the bureau where Alice kept it. She pulled open the drawer. The slip was gone!

"Well, I'll be damned." Eleanor murmured. "I guess she knew the proper occasion when it came all right. Freudian slip."

Eleanor went to a cocktail party that night. She went mostly in a determined effort to get her mind off Alice and Tom and Freudian slips. At first the party bored her but then she was introduced to the man. Roger Barton. He was slocky, greying at the temples but there was something about him that drove all thoughts of Tom from her mind.

But not of Alice. No, even when Roger Barton asked her out and she felt her heart beat a little faster as she accepted him she remembered Alice—and the Freudian slip.

"What time shall we make it?" Roger Barton asked.

"How about sex, or a little after?" Eleanor answered.



WORLD'S GREATEST SCREWBALL LOVERS

(Continued from page 26)

side of puberty and the grave. And her own juices run mighty strong also.

Her first husband Roger Vadim lost her while she was playing a nude bedroom scene for the film *And God Created Woman*. Vadim was directing the picture and when the scene was over he yelled "Cut!" Bardot and co-star Jean Louis Trintignant did not cut but kept on with their embrace. That night, BB left her spouses bed and board, and Vadim gained the distinction of being the first husband to lose his wife on a movie set with the cameras grinding in a scene which he himself set up.

There must be something special about the make-believe world of entertainment which brings out the wildness and nuttiness in lovers. In addition to the passionate players we have already mentioned there is the one and only Frank Sinatra who seems at times to be doing his best to reach some sort of understanding with each and every member of the opposite sex.

To name all of the girls that Sinatra has been linked with would be impossible here. A short list of some of the more intriguing ones follows however. Juliet Prowse. Marilyn Monroe. Ava Gardner. Grace Kelly (when she was still a commoner). Kim Novak, Janet Leigh and Anita Ekberg.

Many other male and female performers have also gotten the love bug—or have become bugs for love. And you don't have to be a performer either. Producers and directors go just as zany.

The late Louis B. Mayer for instance had the reputation of trying to proposition most every female player on MGM's roster. One of these in the days before she became a newspaper columnist was Hedda Hopper.

In her book *The Whole Truth and Nothing But*, the present-day gossip writer recalls that for twelve years the producer of the Andy Hardy series chased her around. (Cont.)

NOW OFFERED FOR THE FIRST TIME
FIGURE SLIMMER
The NEW REDUCING ACTION ADJUSTABLE GIRDLE AND ABDOMINAL LEVELER
Slenderizes both abdomen and waist. Forces fills no cc cels like levels of other garments. Some fluid in the stomach but push out the waist. Figure Slimmer slenderizes both the waist and abdomen at the same time. You will look slimmer and feel wonderful.
Molds back together. Fig ure Slimmer is wonderful for the) lasting sport back. Feeling to firm, yet a compressing action makes you feel good and secure.
Appear inches slimmer—look better. Figure Slimmer flattens you front and below in inches and your appearance. Clothes will look well on you now!
Adjustable Figure Slimmer adjusts while fastens makes it easy for you to have a well worn look. You see a new look and a new you. You can take yourself in many inches. If you wish with this novel adjustable device a Zip 10 days free!
TRY 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL
$3.98 ONLY
We'll Break Co... 43 W 61 St., N Y 23 Dept. FZ310
Send for ten days approval the new Figure Slimmer. After wearing for ten days I can return it in full refund of purchase price if not satisfied
☐ Send C.O.D. & I will pay postman & on delivery
☐ I enclose $3.98 Send it prepaid (We pay postage) with details as I EXTRA each pieces, 50¢ each
My waist measure is ... inches.
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY ZONE STATE

MARRIED MEN with Unhappy SEX PROBLEMS

Thousands of men just like you are troubled with a highly intimate marital sex problem.

To find out how many of these men have turned from worry to contentment, from distress to happiness send for our professional med cal brochure.

It's free and there is no obligation in plain envelope for total privacy. well rush your copy. Just send your name and address today to Clarke Drug Company, Box HRR, Deerfield, Illinois.

SEE MORE OF ME
and many others in e xcommissaire's collection of 1250 power packed pin-up pictures ... all for only $1
A surprising exciting treat for the careful collector o men for beginners, e thrill for all lovers of the female form. Yours now in o sensational offer 1250 pictures (all different) In the most sensational offer ever made. And all for only $1
Rush $1 in cash, check, or money order now. Sorry No C.O.D.'s.
PIX COLLECTORS CLUB, Dept. 2088
125 East 46th St., New York 17, N. Y.

Finally on the advice of a knowing friend, she told him she d been wrong all that time and asked him baldly to name the time and the place L.B. became so frightened that he ran out of the office!

Perhaps the prize for wild and outty behavior though should go to a man who w as trying to impress an actress As part of his campaign, he presented her with a bundle of jewelry worth well over a hundred Gs. There was but one problem A few days later the jewelry store called the star. It seems that Casanova paid for the gems with a bum check!

Ah love It does make a man do silly things

So as far as the Taylor, Burton, Fisher entanglement is concerned you can call the principals wild or nutty, if you like and perhaps they are The one thing you can't call them though, is original It's all been done before And all in the name of love ●

WHAT DREAMS MAY COME

(Continued from page 50)

peachy down She was still Paradise —with all the apples

It was up to me but strictly Unless she had a date—but she couldn't have —I had waited too long for this I was ready I had the bottle, untouched for so many months I had the opportunity. And I thought t finally had the courage

All right I was wrong I went into my room and paced the floor all ten by twelve feet of it for five hours. I stole furtive glances through the Venetians at her room dimly lit to show that she was still there And no car drove up and no one rang the bell She remained alone Waiting for me Waiting for someone why not me?

But the evening like to many evenings before, passed into the black nothingness of the night Now it was worse than ever before because thought I hadn't lost anything t had gained nothing And I had been so sure

I went to bed Always before whenever I crawled between tha cold empty sheets I had looked forward to the dream that was sure to come But this time I think I was afraid of it Because this dream would be too good to end If only you could have seen her the way I'd seen her! She was too good to have only in a dream. I knew when I awoke this time, the frustration would be worse—and maybe this time the emptiness would become complete

When the dream came—*if it was a dream*—it came like this

First there was the drowsiness that you feel just before and after sleep Then I raised my head from the pillow and just like that I was awake Wide awake And I knew what I was going to do Somehow in that short time between sleeping and waking—was it before or after?—I had found what I needed to hold off the dream maybe forever I had found my courage

I got dressed I put the bottle in my pocket and quietly opened the door A moment later I was standing outside her room, four doors down from mine I knocked gently

It was the way it always was in all the dreams I said the right things and did the right things Man, was I smooth! And she did the right thing, of course She let me in

She was dressed — half-dressed, rather—in a very flimsy robe never designed to protect or conceal She'd been reading in bed, some sexy paperback thing that lay on the night stand It had helped get her into the right mood

The bottle helped further We sat there talking of this and that, and as the liquor took effect, she grew more and more careless with that translucent thing she had on. I didn't need any whiskey to warm me the manly sap was bubbling inside like something in a Pittsburgh vat Still expert that I was in such things, I knew exactly when to make the big pitch An experienced woman, you can get right down to business with she knows what to expect and how to make the most of it. But with a kid like Greta, you have to be delicate about it. Let her make the first move, practically Then you don't have to worry about scaring her or anything

She made it after the third shot of Olde Krudde She made believe she was looking for a bobby pin to hold back her long blonde hair When she leaned over my chair to look behind it that flimsy robe fell asunder, and the next minute she was sprawling onto my lap It was like being swallowed up by Vesuvius Drowned in a sea of molten lava. I drew her close, and she seemed about to devour me (Man, when I dream I dream!)

What made this one go wrong I don't know I remember tearing her robe off—with her help—and carrying her to the bed. I can still feel her warm flesh under my sweaty hands, and smell the natural perfume of her. the sexiness I remember the low moaning animal-like cries she made as we neared the peak of this dream of dreams, and the way her mouth opened like rose petals reaching up to be kissed by the sun

And I remember her mouth going suddenly hard and her eyes opening wide as I hurt her In the dream I

didn't hear her scream. Maybe she did. At least I felt that she was going to, and the walls of the motel were thin. It would be terribly awkward if anyone heard, if anyone came. So to stifle her screams I held her mouth with my hand, and forced her head back.

Even when her neck snapped her expression didn't change, except that her eyes opened wider. Then she was very limp in my arms and I no longer felt her breath against the palm of my hand.

How I asked myself could this happen in a dream? It was bad enough to be frustrated for real—but to be frustrated in a dream—!

And so to bring an end to it quickly, I returned to my room, leaving her there on the bed, undressed for the third time that night, and crawled beneath the ever-cold sheets and—then I was awake. Sitting bolt upright in bed. Wondering if it had been in fact a dream I had to find out.

It was now very late. Almost no cars were in the motel lot. Putting on only my slippers and robe, I stealthily crept outside and down the walk to Greta's room. The shades were drawn at the front window, so I went around the side of the building, crossing a flower bed to her rear window. As I did so, I thought I saw someone vanish into the shadow of the woodlot beyond the motel property, but I wasn't sure.

Her room was dark. When I had left it—in my dream—the lights were on. Satisfied and relieved, I returned to my room. The door was locked. A draft must have slammed it shut. Cursing, I rang the bell to the office. I felt like a fool when I told the sleepy clerk what had happened. Crankily he let me into my room; it had been a bad night. The next day, I felt, would be even worse; it was so right.

The police woke me up at nine.

At eight, when Greta hadn't showed up for work, the motel manager had gone to her room. She was dead, all right.

If I hadn't been so involved as it were, I would have been fascinated at the way things happened then. I'm a mystery story fan and I like those tricky endings where the writer doesn't fool you but still keeps you guessing up till the end. Listen.

It was an open and shut case, the police said. The motel man had seen me "getting a breath of fresh air" at three in the morning, the time of death according to the coroner. They found my slipper tracks in the flower bed, of course, with telltale mud to match. Fingerprints? None were found—but they did find my driving gloves on my dresser.

The cause of death? Strangulation. By human hand.

I leaped at that, naturally. Lean-

CLEAR UP ACNE-PIMPLES!



COMPLEXION PERFECTION

WITH 2 TINY CAPSULES A DAY!

IMPORTANT
The HALSION Plan is fully guaranteed. The Allan Drug Co. stands behind every capsule. Thousands have found the happiness that comes with a clearer complexion. Because individual experiences may vary, you must get satisfactory results or every penny will be refunded.

The HALSION PLAN for complexion care is enclosed with each order.

- A wonderful new vitamin formula
- No more sticky ointments
- No more greasy creams
- Full 30 day supply $3.95.



Halsion BY ALLAN

ALLAN DRUG CO Dept. 1776,
8311 Yucca Street Hollywood 28, California

☐ I enclose $3.95 check or money order. Halsion pays the postage.
☐ Please rush C.O.D. 30 day supply of Halsion. I agree to pay postage.

It is my understanding that if I am not satisfied I may return the unused capsules or empty bottle for prompt refund.

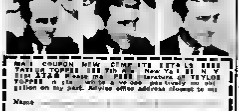
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone ____ State _____



BALD? RECEDING?
10 YEARS YOUNGER IN 10 SECONDS WITH TATTOO TOPPER



MAIL COUPON NOW—STOP IT'S FUN TO USE! Try it 7 days—if not delighted return for FULL REFUND. Tattoo Topper is the amazing new way to cover gray hair in seconds. Just brush it on. Stays on until you shampoo. Comes in 6 shades. Choose the shade that matches your hair. Tattoo Topper is not a dye. Will not harm hair or scalp. Not sticky or messy. Will not rub off. Order today. Only $2.95 plus postage. Send no money. Pay postage on delivery. Or send cash, check or money order and we pay postage.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

MEN:
Send for free information regarding highest quality 8mm and 16mm movies for the sophisticated adult male. Guaranteed to be the best you've ever seen. Also available 35mm and 3-D color films.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED 100%
CONTINENTAL STUDIOS
P.O. BOX 728 OAK PARK, ILLINOIS

STOP SMOKING
Within one week you can break the cigarette habit. Money back guarantee. Read "How You Can Stop Smoking Permanently."
Send $2.00 to
WILSHIRE BOOK SERVICE Dept. 1776
692 N. Fairfax Avenue, Los Angeles 46, California



MAKE ANY WINDOW Into
ONE WAY GLASS
NOW... with simple drug store materials you can treat plain window glass so YOU CAN LOOK OUT through it but the person on the other side CAN'T LOOK IN AT YOU. To get your Complete "One Way Glass Formula" send only $1.00 to:
EZ FORMULAS, Dept. 1776
8311 Yucca St., Hollywood 28, Calif.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE LAWS $1
Easy to read GUIDE TO LAWS OF ALL STATES. Marriage requirements, grounds for annulment, separation, divorce, alimony, property rights & remarriage. Prohibits. 8311 Yucca Street — Dept. 1776, Hollywood 28, California

WIPE OUT ALL DEBTS
You, too, can pay bills to stop as to bill collectors and obtain cancellation of wages. An unpublished law enables ANY wage earner to do just this—and help wipe out all debts fast. Send $1 for complete report—extremely easy to follow. ADAMS Financial Report Dept. 1776, 862 No. Fairfax, Hollywood 46, Calif.



More Fiery than a Fine Diamond!

Yes KENYA JEWELS are more dazzling, more fiery than diamonds, and they look amazingly like the white diamonds. Superbly beautiful sparkling white! The Kenya is truly a miracle of modern science!

HOUSE BEAUTIFUL says, "Like a diamond and with more fiery sparkle." ESQUIRE magazine says Quote: "Undeniably the most dazzling diamond. Everybody will think you are wearing the most glorious jewel they have ever seen."

LOW COST—AMAZINGLY LOW COST! Actually only a small fraction of the cost of a diamond. Stylish sparkling men's and ladies' rings. Any very easy payments if you wish—as little as $5 down.

Write for Free Booklet

Send no money. Just write today for the FREE Booklet that tells you all about these dazzling white man-made jewels and shows you a wide selection of stylish rings.

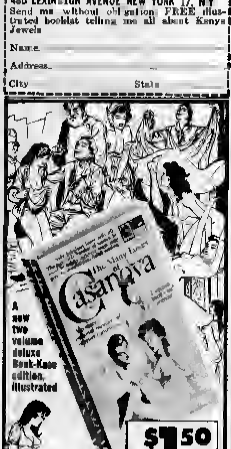
---Mail This Free Coupon Today---

Kenya Gem Dept. 112
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE NEW YORK 17, N.Y.
Send me without obligation FREE illustrated booklet telling me all about Kenya Jewels

Name

Address

City State



ing forward in my chair I asked them if her neck had been broken. No, they said — it hadn't. Simple strangulation.

Do you know what I did then? You'd never guess. I was tired, understand, and wasn't thinking very well.

Anyway, I jumped up and grabbed the inspector by the lapels. Then that proves I'm innocent! I yelled. I didn't strangle her—I *broke her neck!*

That friends, was that. I tried to explain about the dream and all but it didn't do any good. And when they called in that lousy head-shrinker he didn't help matters the bastard. It took the jury just over an hour to make up their prejudiced minds. So any minute now they'll be coming to shit my trousers and shave my head and whatever else they do to make the electrodes work better.

Oh, I'm not complaining, mind you. I suspect death, the real thing, is a lot better than the kind of death I've been living for so long. Not only that, I've got the last laugh. Sooner or later they'll find the guy who really killed Greta—the one I saw vanish in the woods that night. That'll burn in their craws all their goddam lives. In fact, that's what made me decide not to tell them about those other three girls—the one in the motel near Wilmington, the waitress in the Baltimore beanery and the maid at that rooming house in Elkton.

I didn't dream about them. I really killed them. ●

WHY SAILORS ARE LOUSY LOVERS

(Continued from page 44)

the girl he left behind by returning home and treating her as if she was his buddy.

By way of example the psychiatrist pointed to an actual case where a young swabbie lost a girl who at one time was completely in love with him. He not only would forget himself and swear in a way that actually made her cringe but would often slap her across the rear or punch her exuberantly in the arm. She tried patiently to cure him of the habit and then gave up. "I couldn't seem to make him understand," she said, "that all I wanted was for him to treat me like a woman."

Sigmund Freud felt that the truest and most feminine type of woman does not actually need to love so much as she needs to be loved. A man will find favor with her Freud said when he fulfills this condition.

Most sailors, in fact, have much the same psychological make-up as the true female that Freud described. Aboard ship as I pointed out earlier their sexual fantasies grow wilder and wilder and eventually they begin to believe them themselves. Eventually they are likely to get what psychologists describe as a Don Juan complex.

A Don Juan is inespable of giving love or loving. What he wants is for every woman in the world to be wild over him—to give him pleasure. In essence he does not fulfill the true role of a man at all. He cannot satisfy a woman or enter into a complete relationship with one. The woman who demands to be wooed, courted, be highly prized finds him sadly lacking. Despite the fact that he brags about his many conquests if he's honest with himself he will have to admit that all his affairs take place with either warped women, nymphomaniacs or prostitutes.

But supposing he escapes the last trap as well. Is he then likely to make a good lover? Actually no.

Remember a psychiatrist speculated to me "that in a very real sense sailors are wedded to the sea. After all, the ocean is literally the mother of life and from time immemorial it has been a deep unconscious symbol of womanhood. Responding to this image seamen tend to unconsciously feel that any love-affair they have ashore must be shallow and unmeaningful compared with their major love affair with the sea.

How does a sailor resolve this conflict? Exactly as we have seen him do instead of cheating the sea he cheats the real live women he has relations with.

In addition there is a very practical reason why sailors make poor lovers. Shore leaves are short and undependable. A swabbie simply does not have the time to enter into a real love-affair.

There is a sad part to all this. For the sailor who is satisfied with B-girls and prostitutes is really cheating no one but himself. A quickie affair has only a fraction of the enjoyment that a truly developed one can have. Quick sexual relief is a poor substitute for the relationship that can arise between two intelligent partners who make love.

A sailor misses all this. Being a lousy lover himself he discourages precisely the kind of women who might make a good lover for him. Instead he is doomed to blow his pay on overpriced hotel rooms with women who are even more overpriced than the rooms.

The only printable lines of one bawdy sea ballad are *"Ship ahoy young man, get a lassie if you can."* The problem is that most sailors simply can't.



YOUR BRAND IMAGE

(Continued from page 4)

his diagnosis. Here he wasn't in error.

"Well then," said the doctor. "I think we should run $500 worth of tests to find out just what your problem is." He smiled encouragingly. "Otherwise we should operate."

Miss Cronkite thanked him for his advice paid him $30 for it and left disillusioned and furious with the medical profession. In fact, she was so bugged she kicked a chair in anger stubbing her other toe.

Practically everybody has his brand image. The college athlete, for example, comes on like a monosyllabic mesomorph: fearful lest he be deemed intelligent or cultured in other words, a sissy. The bealnik throws his "Daddy-o's" around like nobody's business and he throws his clothes and garbage around his pad with even more diligence. The intellectual meets his obligation to his image by reading Henry Miller fourteen times and complaining about the vast wasteland on the nation's TV screens. The Madison Avenue ad man — who should know better, incidentally, since creating brand images is his job — fits into brand image himself. He's painfully clever ask him how he is and he'll give you a slogan instead of an answer. He's soft talking, he takes two hours for lunch even if he has to force himself, and he lives in suburbia where he tries great pains to be unfaithful to his wife at least three times a year. In other words, he's made himself into a first-rate cliche—image-wise.

Another one-time human being who's slipped into a rut somewhere along the line is the politician. In bygone days the public servant got up on a platform somewhere and churned out the blarney. Today he's forced to work more cleverly. Early in his career he must decide between which of two possible images he's going to become—the father-image type of politician or the charming-young-man type. Once he's made his decision, he must select issues that will best serve his purpose—in order to reach as high an office as possible. Along the way he must take courses in how to walk and talk in front of a TV camera, how to apply makeup, how to say nothing, but say it eloquently. Then on the happy day he's finally achieved his goal, we find he's molded himself into the brand image of a politician—though somewhere along the line he's completely lost track of his real self.

Jazz musicians have a unique brand image. It isn't enough for a group of players to get together and play some numbers. That wouldn't do. Instead they 'wail some tunes'. What's more, not only do they speak



NEED MONEY? IT'S EASY TO BORROW FROM US - BY MAIL

Borrow $ 00 to $600 without red stone or co-signers. Conf dential. Repay in small monthly amounts. Tell us how much you need now.

SEND THIS TODAY

Send me App lication for National Loans By Mail.

Name

Address

NATIONAL LOANS

Dept 34, 15 S TEJON, COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.

How to ATTRACT WOMEN



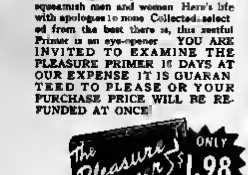
A fascinating publication that lays it on the line and pulls no punches in describing to you the methods used by the most successful males to attract the most desirable females. Guaranteed to work or your money refunded. Mailed in plain wrapper. Send $1.00

MARKAND PUBLISHING CO. DEPT 41
Box 16 Station G, Buffalo 13, N. Y.

NO WOMAN IS SAFE



No woman is safe (or *really* wants to be) when a man's mind is in the bedroom. See the tempting puffed-up featherbed to be despoiled! Hear the irrepressible squeals of pleasure! Those to whom bedtime has come to mean "bed and bored" will find "bed and better." Thousands are now enjoying *Rollicking Bedside Fun* and you will too, when you possess this ideal bedside companion. Here's entertainment for open minds and ticklish spines. Here's lusty merry recreation for un squeamish men and women. Here's life with apologies to none. Collected, selected from the best there is, this zestful Primer is an eye-opener. YOU ARE INVITED TO EXAMINE THE PLEASURE PRIMER 10 DAYS AT OUR EXPENSE. IT IS GUARANTEED TO PLEASE OR YOUR PURCHASE PRICE WILL BE REFUNDED AT ONCE.



10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

PLAZA BOOK CO. DEPT. P 7910
169 Second St. New York 4, N. Y.

Please send THE PLEASURE PRIMER on 10-day trial. If I'm not pleased I get my purchase price refunded at once.

☐ I enclose $1.98. You pay postage.
☐ Send C.O.D. I'll pay $1.98 plus postage.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

Canada & Foreign—No C.O.D.—Send $2.50

the correct brand image lingo, but they also adopt the mannerisms. Whoever heard of a drummer who doesn't screw up his face as though he hasn't been to the bathroom in four days? And whoever heard of a sax man playing a "gig" without first fortifying himself with a few whiffs of 'pot'—as publicity items have it?

Yes brand images are all part of the act. As Shakespeare said, "All the world's a stage and the people only players." How true. And how sad that so few of us ever break with our self-prepared script and try to ad-lib once in a while. ●

IT HAPPENED ON BROADWAY

(Continued from page 33)

"But what about me? Won't I be affected, too? I'm hyped up enough as it is!"

"That's the beauty of it. It will only work on women. Stimulates the female hormones, you know."

"I don't know," Gerry said. "But I'll take your word for it."

The following day Gerry went up to his friend's apartment where he was handed a small vial containing some fine grey powder. "Just use a pinch," Bill told him. "The stuff is concentrated and I think I've given you enough for as many repeat performances as you'll want."

"How big a pinch?" Gerry asked him.

"I'm not absolutely sure. This whole business is highly experimental and I'd appreciate it if you would give me a complete report."

"A complete report?"

Omitting personal details, of course."

"Of course."

"Now, here's what I would do." Bill explained. "Take a few grains of powder and put it in the air-conditioning system the way I told you. Wait ten minutes to be sure and if nothing happens, use a few more grains. Personally, I think the first few grains should do the trick, but if worse comes to worse you can use as much of the stuff as you'll need."

Gerry grabbed the vial and left before his friend could change his mind.

His big problem, now, was to get Lois alone in the office with him. Fortunately, that wasn't as hard as he had believed. A few days before, Gerry was told to revise the master list of out-of-town columnists. It was only natural for him to ask Lois to stay late one night in order to help him get caught up with the paper work.

Things were working out so well in fact, that he could hardly believe he'd been as discouraged as he was only a few short days before.

When the big night came, Gerry took Lois for dinner before they returned to the office. (It was a good dinner. Even a low-ranking publicist with Travis Gumpert and Associates has an expense account.) Then he excused himself and went to the small room where the air-conditioning equipment was located.

The room was a maze of wiring, pipes and air-ducts. What made things even more complicated was the fact that several of the ducts didn't belong to the office, but were part of the theatre system—shooting in here because there was not room for them on the other side of the wall. But Gerry was in no mood to be fazed by difficulties. He carefully traced the master Travis Gumpert duct, put a pinch of powder in it and stepped back out to let nature—and the powder—take its course.

Lois was sitting at her desk, a picture of the efficient career girl. He wondered how the powder would affect her. Would she walk over to him? Would she suddenly tear off her clothes? Remembering how she looked in that bikini he rather hoped she would tear off her clothes.

But nothing at all happened. Ten minutes passed and she was still the efficient career girl.

"Excuse me," said Gerry, again, and left to put another pinch of powder in the duct.

But once again nothing happened.

Gerry decided that either Lois must be extraordinarily resistant, or Bill's powder was not all that the chemist thought it was. When ten more minutes went by he excused himself and paid another visit to the duct. This time he sprinkled the powder in liberally. That *certainly* ought to do the trick, he thought.

It didn't though. And Gerry was beginning to wonder if the stuff would ever work. Perhaps she needed something to set her off, he thought. The way a pump sometimes needs priming. Perhaps a single kiss would start the chemistry working and Lois would be off and running. Very deliberately, he put down the papers he was checking, went over to her desk and kissed her on the mouth. It was a long kiss. Even a desperate kiss. But at the end of it the lips were as cold and unyielding as they had been the last time—and that had been cold and unyielding, indeed.

Gerry stepped back, shaking his head in bewilderment.

"What was that for?" Lois asked coolly.

Gerry started to reply, thought better of it and finally said, "Excuse me, again. I have to go."

"Is something wrong?" Lois asked with some concern.

"Wrong?"

(Cont.)







50 ft. 8mm MOVIES

ONLY $1.00 EACH

Why pay $2.00 or more for 50-ft. ADULT movies? You can get the very best for only $1.00!

- ☐ 1 Donna Lang "OH A PICNIC"
- ☐ 5 BARBARA RICHOLS Screen Test
- ☐ 6 ANITA BAKTER Screen Test
- ☐ 9 Dancy Finley "LEG ART"
- ☐ 38 Screen Test of PATTI PINERS
- ☐ 42 MITZI dark eyed Cherie
- ☐ 43 EXOTIC BONGO DANCE, Cherie
- ☐ 48 KATHY MARLOWE Bhops in Bikinis
- ☐ 61 MAN TRAP, Bedroom Comedy
- ☐ 53 KATHY MARLOWE Models Bikinis
- ☐ 64 TANYA Models Lingerie
- ☐ 94 TASNELL HASSEL, 5 Star Film
- ☐ 126 SHOENDELLE, At The Zomba
- ☐ 10 Sereara Osterman "PIN-UPS"
- ☐ 13 "RHUMBA AMALIA" Cuban
- ☐ 23 "SILK STOCKING MODEL"
- ☐ 30 Saree Caldwell "GIRL WITH $1,000,000 LEGS"
- ☐ 46 "SEASHORE FROLICS"
- ☐ 49 "BEAUTY PARADE"
- ☐ 54 Jerrine "BURLESQUE STAR"
- ☐ 60 "LIBBENIE MODEL"
- ☐ 62 Kalantan "DANCE NOCTURNE"

100 ft. 8mm Movies $2.00 EACH

- ☐ 8 Lil St. Cyr "DANCE OF SALOME"
- ☐ 72 "PIN-UP POSES" of Tanya
- ☐ 83 Kalantan in "FISH DANCE"
- ☐ 88 Jacqueline Hainey "ACROBATICS"
- ☐ 90 Jan "MODELS LINGERIE"
- ☐ 121 Sheree North in "CAN CAN"
- ☐ 122 "THE SULTANS FAVORITE DANCER"
- ☐ 198 Bee Mills & Carol Jayne "SPIDER DANCE"
- ☐ 110 ILLONA at the Zomba
- ☐ 129 SCREEN TEST, Sheree North
- ☐ 142 MAN TROUBLE Girls Frolicing
- ☐ 167 GIRL IN THE GILDED CAGE
- ☐ 176 SLEEPY TIME GAL, Dixie Evans
- ☐ 186 Betty Howard "BIG BLUE EYES"
- ☐ 192 IRIS BRISTOL, Double Feature
- ☐ 196 CONNIRE, Parisian Charms
- ☐ 238 Ann Peters "CHEESECAKE"

200 ft 8mm Movies $4.00 EACH

- ☐ 81 PIE ALA MODE, Cast of 6
- ☐ 93 ITALIAN BEAUTY QUEENS

GIRLS WRESTLING 200 FOOT

No. 510 $6.00 No. 511 $8.00

- ☐ 64 "WOMEN OF BALI"
- ☐ 82 Kalantan in "BUDDHA DANCE"
- ☐ 87 Betty Howard in "EXOTIC MAMBO"
- ☐ 93 Delores Del Raye "ST LOUIS WOMAN"
- ☐ 94 "HINDU TASSEL HASSELL"
- ☐ 161 "DAUGHT ID BANDED WIRE"
- ☐ 12E "THAT GAL FROM DALLAS"
- ☐ 164 LOLITA de CARLO, Montreal a beat
- ☐ 14E GOLDIE GIBSON, Star of 150 & 151
- ☐ 148 WRESTLERS, Terry vs. Shirley
- ☐ 190 GOLDIE in "Pitch & Putt"
- ☐ 157 GOLDIE'S, A Few Changes
- ☐ 155 GOLDIE GIBSON Screen Test
- ☐ 160 GOLDIE THE GARDNER
- ☐ 164 HOW TO PLAY GOLF
- ☐ 183 ILLONA, Rainbow Fantasy
- ☐ 188 SANDRA, Lingerie Model
- ☐ 190 4018 BRISTOL, Hula
- ☐ 191 IRIS BRISTOL, Where's My Hat?
- ☐ 109 Sheree North in "EXOTIC DANCER"
- ☐ 190 Nova Knight "EXOTIC DANCER"
- ☐ 127 Tempest Storm "DESERT DANCE"
- ☐ 120 Sheree North "WASTE BASKET BLUES"
- ☐ 131 Linda "THE SUNBATHER"
- ☐ 133 "UNDERWATER EXOTIC DANCE RHYTHMS"
- ☐ 149 Lisa "EXOTIC PARISIAN"
- ☐ 182 "EXOTIC SWAN DANCE"
- ☐ 195 'LOUISIANA STRUT DANCE"
- ☐ 197 Jerrine "SOUTH SEA BELLE"
- ☐ 183 Blaze Starr "DANCE OF FIRE"
- ☐ 198 Busty Brown "MAID'S DAY OFF"
- ☐ 236 Blaze Star "POSES"
- ☐ 239 Blaze Star "SCREEN TEST"

RUSH COUPON TODAY

8MM MOVIE CLUB Dept. 500 A
486 Lexington Avenue New York 17 N.Y

☐ Enclosed find $_____ in ☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order

I order the following films by number_____

_____

_____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

☐ Send COD I enclose 25% Deposit

LOVE POWDER



In France they tell of a druggist who sold a love powder for straying husbands. One night his own wife secretly gave him the treatment—with all too effective results. This hilarious story (which shows how to take aphrodisiacs and wedlock) really happened! It's a true-life comedy thinly veiled—one of 17 such diversions in THE QUEEN OF CAPER. So roll down the blinds, fluff up the pillows, and sample Her Majesty's magic powder

DIVERSIONS

- Assault and Flattery
- The Love Powder
- Wife Hunting — Er for Game
- The Stable Boy and the Lady
- The Innocent Monkey
- The Widow Who Wouldn't
- Sauce for the Gander
- The Ghost a Night at
- The Widow and the Spanish Ho se
- The Masked Lady and the Frenchman
- A Snip of the Tongue
- See No Evil
- The Shadow K st
- A Tasty Dish etc
- Plus 43 Breezy Blurbs on Sex

In THE QUEEN OF CAPER you get the best of the *Heptameron* by Margaret, Queen of Navarre. It's adult reading—a sexy classic—long censored and still hard to get. Enjoy the untampered text an exact translation of the famous French original. Enjoy the waggish, full page pictures by a talented artist

GUARANTEED

Sample these Varieties in Comedy 10 days free. Guaranteed to 'ease up' your night life or your money back.

2

MAIL COUPON TODAY

PLAZA BOOK CO., DEPT. C 5510
109 Broad St., New York 4, N. Y.

Send THE QUEEN OF CAPER a plain wrapper. If not pleased I may return it in 10 days for refund

☐ I enclose $2.90—send postpaid

☐ Send C.O.D. I pay postman $2.90 plus postage

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

Canada and Foreign—$2.95 with order

"Yes. You're not ill, are you? I mean, the way you keep running to the powder room every ten minutes."

"The powder room!" Gerry cried half hysterically, as he fled back to the ducts. "That's a good name for it! That's very good!"

He fed in the rest of Bill's powder and staggered back out.

"Do you really think there is any point in staying longer?" Lois asked, then. "We haven't got much work done, and you've been acting so peculiarly. . . . Perhaps we should try again some night when you feel better."

"Yes. . . . Perhaps we should. . . . Or no. Let's just stay a little longer. . . ."

"How much longer?"

"Ten minutes," Gerry replied manfully.

They sat staring at each other silently. Lois wore a look of cheerful apprehension—as though she felt she was stuck alone with a madman but was determined to somehow humor him.

Finally Gerry said it: "Let's go."

They took the self service elevator down and stepped through the side door outside the theatre lobby—only to be hurled back again by a mob of half-dressed men and women who were being herded out of the Premium by a detachment of red-faced policemen.

"What's going on here?" Gerry wondered.

"I'm sure I don't know." Lois said. "I must say this has been a most peculiar evening."

They broke from the crowd and into a doorway. "We'll wait until things quiet down," Gerry said.

Suddenly they saw they were not alone. The most bedraggled looking policeman Gerry had ever seen was sharing the doorway with them. As they watched, fascinated, the officer was making an all but futile attempt to cover himself decently with what was left of his torn uniform.

"What is all this?" Gerry asked, unable to contain himself.

If possible, the policeman's face flushed an even brighter red than before. "I'm a family man, mister, and I don't like to talk about such things," the officer said. "But the women in that theatre are wild. I don't know what got into them!"

"Wild? In what way?" Lois asked, innocently.

"Don't make me tell you, miss," the policeman pleaded. "I told you I was a family man." He shook his head sadly. "I didn't know what modern women are coming to," he muttered under his breath. "They got the whole of Central Park, only they got to pick the Premium Theatre to go nuts in."

Gerry had a hollow feeling in the pit of his stomach. He was sure he had chosen the right air-duct, but, then again. . . .

Well, at least he could assure Bill that the powder was powerful.

He turned shruptly.

Lois glared at him. "Aren't you going to wait and take me home?" she asked.

"No." Gerry said shakily. "I've got to go."

"Again?" Lois murmured.

But Gerry didn't hear her. He had to get to the office—to a telephone. If one of his dreams didn't come true, the other one had. He'd always said he would arrange a front page story about the Premium Theatre. And now he had done it! ●

THE MAN ON THE MAKE

(Continued from page 41)

she saw me in my convertible all cleaned and duded up, she was a pushover. We had a few beers in a roadhouse out of town, and then we were back at my apartment.

However, it is doubtful that Helen Gurley Brown would find herself swooning in the arms of this truck driver good-looking though he is. In the first place, his world is vastly different from her literature-oriented upper middle class existence. Secondly, as she herself says, "I love money. I don't mean it to be a cruel thing, although I've never known a really loaded wealthy guy who didn't have all the girls he wanted."

For author Brown, such appurtenances as a yacht, ski lodge, two houses—one for the city and one for the country—would be important assets of a male. However most men are not so mumnicently endowed and happily, most females are not so demanding.

Casanova averred: "I've never had a woman I didn't really love." And Errol Flynn added: "I've never loved a woman with whom I didn't have something in common."

Both men—unquestioned in their supremacy in the boudoir—revealed an essential trait in their gamesmanship, namely: they called their shots where they saw them. Though both were ambitious men, they remained practical about matters of love. When their fortunes were low, Casanova happily dallied with peasant girls. Flynn with barmaids and prostitutes. When circumstances improved, Casanova took his pick of lilied ladies, and Flynn ran the gamut from movie stars to heiresses. The same can be said of Benjamin Franklin, another passionate though practical man.

What it boils down to is this: A

Get into...

PLASTIC LAMINATING AT HOME!

Sensational New "ONE MAN BUSINESS" pays $10 to $20 profit for each dollar of cost



Make Up to $5 an Hour by our MAGIC MAIL PLAN...get orders and cash from your mailman!

Here's the newest and most fascinating of all home-operated businesses. For the first time, a simplified machine brings the fabulous profits of Plastic Sealing and Plastic Laminating within the reach of the small operator. Can be operated in a corner of the kitchen basement, or garage. And any man or woman regardless of age education, or experience—can learn this interesting work *in a few minutes of reading*—can turn out professional jobs *after one hour's practice*

TWO EXCITING FIELDS FOR BIG PROFITS!

No house-to house canvassing No face-to-face selling. We not only supply the equipment you need for the work but also show you exactly how to cash in big daily profits from two big demand fields.

A FORTUNE IN PLASTIC SEALING

Millions of people want to protect valuable cards photographs documents and papers against wear, soil and damage By our MAGIC MAIL Plan you get this business through the mails. Open envelopes, take out money and orders Details of plan will amaze you It will be sent free We even furnish financing help Just mail coupon

ENORMOUS PROFITS IN LAMINATING

A creative artistic business Gift shops sell your entire output Just a few of the made of giftwares illustrated on this page Beautiful orders. Endless designs Exclusive one of a kind appeal brings sales at ten to twenty times the cost of materials. Beautiful illustrations and instructions for making these artistic novelties sent free.

NO MONEY—Just Send Name!

We'll Even Help with Financing!

WARNER ELECTRIC CO.
1512 Jarvis, Dept L254 Chicago 26 Illinois

The opportunities in Plastic Laminating are so big that space here does not permit even skimming the surface To get any idea at all of the size of these earnings and your place in this sensational business you must read the details. See for yourself how easy it is to do the work—how you can put plastic sheets to your machine and turn out a fortune—how money and orders come to you in the mail—how gift shops clamor to get more and more of your creations—how you can start with one machine and build up a big production plant with others doing the work—how you can get money and business from every State in the Union—how you can be your own independent business without study or experience

FREE at all of the cost or obligation, or experience—can learn this interesting work *in a few minutes of reading*—can turn out professional jobs *after one hour's practice*

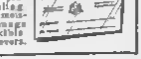
RUSH COUPON

Never before has such an opportunity been offered the small home-operator—an opportunity to gain complete personal independence in a big money business of your own Don't miss a minute Get the facts at once All information fully illustrated with pictures is free Send the coupon—or send your name and address on a postcard There is no charge now or at any other time Send for the information on this exciting opportunity today

Cash Money Comes to You In the Mail

By our MAGIC MAIL Plan you sit at home send out mail, and get back money and orders Additional profits in supplying lifetime protection for KNAPSACKS—IDENTIFICATION CARDS—DISCHARGE PAPERS—DRIVERS' LICENSES — SOCIAL SECURITY CARDS—VOTERS' REGISTRATION CARDS—MEDALS—BIRTH CERTIFICATES—CREDIT CARDS—BIRTH AND WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENTS—PASSES—DOCUMENTS.

Lifetime protection See how laminating prevents soiling wear and moisture damage with flexible plastic covers.



Thousands of Beautiful ART CREATIONS

Made by Laminating as explained in our Free information Send coupon for list and pictures of COSTUME JEWELRY—JEWELS—MARGETTE BOXES—CUFF LINKS—NOVELTY BUTTONS—TRAYS—CANDLESTICKS—COASTERS—CLOCK CASES—LAMP BASES—PICTURE FRAMES—BOOK ENDS—CHROMES—ADVERTISING MATS—NAME PLATES—BELT BUCKLES—CHECKERS PAPER KNIVES—CORSAGES—BOOKMARKS—TIE RACKS—KEEPSAKES OF ALL KINDS.

WARNER ELECTRIC CO., Dept L254 L, 1512 Jarvis Avenue, Chicago 26, Illinois

Please mail postage prepaid complete information with illustrations showing the things I can make and the money possibilities in Plastic Laminating All free No Salesman is to call Also, tell me your Financing Plan and how I get orders and money by the MAGIC MAIL Plan.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

Treat Yourself
To A Copy Of
BACHELOR
The Magazine For The Young At Heart
✓ Provocative Articles
✓ Fascinating Fiction
✓ Eye-Catching Women
✓ Exciting Stories
In Each Issue
✓ Exciting Features
On Sale Now
At Your Newsstand

man who campaigns to get a tasty morsel of femininity into bed must first make sure what league he's operating in. One doesn't have to point out the fact that a hard-for-cash Romeo would be wasting his time trying to woo a lass who's convinced diamonds are her best friend.

Another way of putting it is that since the Freudian revelation, the whole concept of romantic love has gone out the window. In its place has come a more practical and possibly more satisfying type of man-woman contact. People today make love for very basic reasons. To have fun and to fulfill their sex urges. Since everybody wants to do it, the only question is where to look. And where to look depends upon what rules you want to play by.

A comparison of the modern times with the Twenties and Thirties bring to mind the story of a count who took himself a bride; also a bluebood. After their wedding night the young countess waxed enthusiastically about the act of love (she had been a virgin) and wanted to know if others also engaged in it. The count told her that others did. "Even the peasants?" she asked. Her husband shook his head yes. Why, she exclaimed, "it's too good for them!"

In the same sense being a playboy once considered out of reach of those who were not millionaires is now an occupation (or pre-occupation) available to every man. ●

THE CITY WHERE ANYTHING GOES

(Continued from page 56)

smoky, you could still make yourself heard. It was fun.

And, after a while, from across the room came the sound of masculine laughter as though running counterpoint to her own. I looked over and—you guessed it, or should have—there, in a booth, was a handsome greying man who although he was in mufti had major written all over him. And there were two Latin dolls draped all over him, too.

He came over to us with the girls in tow. He glanced at me, nodded (he didn't even notice the sweat oozing from my pores) and said to his wife "I'm glad you found out. It's been such a strain, my dear. And—I'm glad *I* found out. I kind of think life will be easier from now on—for both of us. Right?"

She said, "Right. But, for the record, this is my first time."

He said, "It's not my first time, as you've guessed." He patted her shoulder affectionately. "We'll talk more about it—tomorrow, eh? Good night, now."

But late, late that night as I held her close she burst into harsh racking sobs, and all the night long I stroked her hair and listened to her weeping.

The third face of Panama is the best.

Henry Boyd (he says I can use his real name) is a friend of mine. He's not yet twenty-six, married, engaged or touched by the hopelessuteuss of the world he lives in.

Henry's an ecologist-forester and, for his age, a good one.

Anyway, two weeks after he arrived in Panama and after a session with the damp, chigger-infested jungle, Henry happened to be sitting in the cocktail lounge at the *Nacional*—a most delightful, cozy place to frequent whether alone or accompanied. Because if you're alone the chances are that you'll presently be accompanied.

Across from Henry there sat the loveliest girl he had ever seen.

He is very shy, Henry is.

The girl wasn't. After using every high-class ruse in the book to get him to make the overture she finally had to do it herself. To his shocked surprise, she came right over and sat beside him. "You are bashful," she said in a slightly accented, contralto voice accompanied by a stunning smile. "—so you are decent. I can afford to do this."

And then was the beginning.

She took him to a hotel. Not the *Nacional* but a fairly good one on the far side of town.

It was the most wonderful night he had ever spent. And, in the morning, when he woke up, he reached over to draw Isabel close to him—she was gone. She had left a note that said, simply, "Thank you. I think I love you a little, but goodbye." She signed it, *Isabel*.

And in that instant as though a blinding light had gone on before his eyes Henry knew that he was in love—madly, helplessly hopelessly in love.

That night, he returned to the *Nacional*. At first, the bartender paid no attention to his pleading. No he'd never seen the girl before.

And that's all that Henry could learn. For several nights he returned to the lounge. He went to the government buildings and searched for someone with a daughter named Isabel—until they suspected him of being a spy or an assassin and threatened to make an international incident out of him. For Isabel's sake, he had to stop that approach.

I began to worry about him. He's a good friend.

I drove over to the *Nacional* where I suspected he'd be.

As I went in, I was preceded by a very pretty, very distraught girl.

Henry was there, of course. He looked up as she paused in the doorway, and if I never see a more wonderfully heart-warming expression on a person's face again, life will have been worthwhile. He stood up, half fearfully, as though she would vanish into thin air. Then she let out an ecstatic little moan and ran to him. They were still clasped tightly together as I sidled up to the bar. Grinning like a loon, I ordered the usual bourbon. I watched Henry and Isabel go hand in hand.

I turned to the bartender.

I had a hunch. It wasn't luck was it, I asked "those two meeting again, like this?"

He hesitated, shook his head. "No. Her father comes in now and then. This afternoon, I heard him tell a friend that Isabel was feeling bad—nervous, couldn't eat sat around the house — couldn't understand the trouble. Well, sense, if only the young man feels that way, it does not matter—it is best for Isabel that she does not know. But if she feels that way, too—then this is real love, eh? So I phoned her as soon as the young man came in tonight. No. It was not luck." He poured.

Those are the three faces of Panama. Those are my three happy memories. All are true and all are not really so unusual. They could happen almost anywhere. They're happening right now. Because the faces of Panama are the faces of the world—and none is hidden if you really want to see. Look around. ●





Actress Trudy Ware holds up the masks of tragedy and comedy, the familiar symbols of her noble profession.



However, this beauty doesn't have any mixed emotions as she gaily anticipates the next ACE —out October 17th.

Mixed Emotions





Actress Trudy Wore holds up the masks of tragedy and comedy, the familiar symbols of her noble profession.



However, this beauty doesn't have any mixed emotions as she gaily anticipates the next ACE —out October 17th.

ACE, AHOY!



The ship's coming in, bringing another seaside vacationer the latest issue of ACE. And what could be more welcome? Inside you'll find exciting articles, thrill-packed fiction and beauties in full color.